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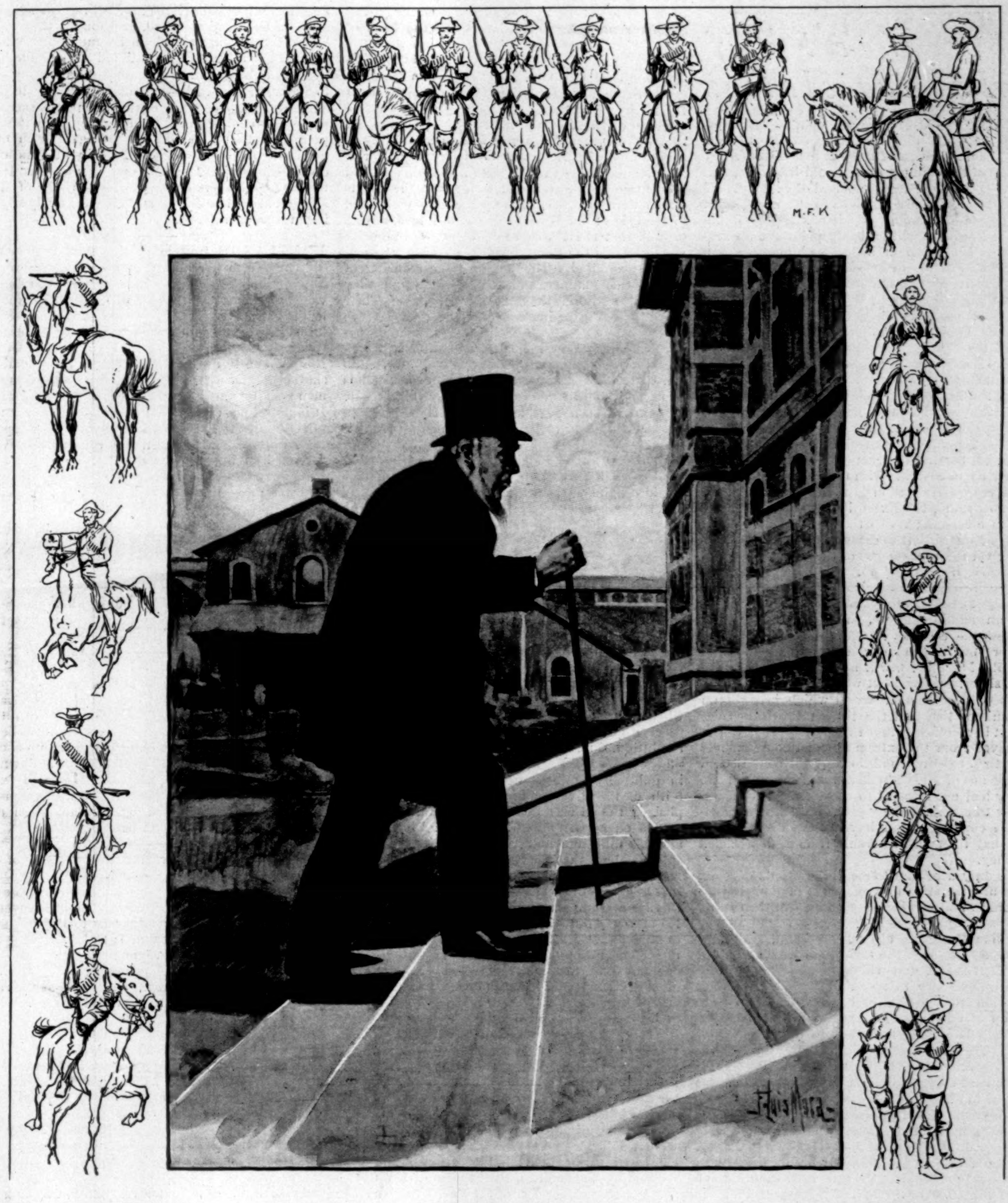

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS—PRESIDENT KRUGER ENTERING THE CENTRAL BUREAU AT JOHANNESBURG.

DRAWN BY F. L. MORA, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 905.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)
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The Need of Gold Legislation

THE President is of the opinion that some legislation is necessary in order to reassure doubters of the fact that the currency of the country is on a gold basis, *i.e.*, that gold is our legal standard of value. There having been some discussion as to the necessity of such legislation among friends of the gold standard, the President will probably point out the reason for his opinion in his annual message, and will also doubtless make some recommendations as to the nature and extent of the remedies that ought to be adopted. During the summer the members of the Republican Caucus Committee on Currency Legislation and the Republican members of the Senate Committee on Finance have been holding meetings, separately, for the purpose of discussing this subject, and it is more than likely that the legislative majority will influence the President's recommendations, and that, in turn, the latter will be adopted and pass into law, since the Republicans control both Houses of Congress, and, barring obstruction in the Senate, have a power commensurate with their responsibility.

The reason legislation is needed is that, as the laws now stand, the Executive has the power not only to create doubts as to the character of our money standard, but to create and promote an assault upon the gold reserve of the Treasury, which eventually, if persisted in, would drive gold out of the country, and lower the value of our paper currency to the silver standard. So long as we have an administration which favors the gold standard, the country is safe from any defect of the law; but the moment a President is chosen who, like Mr. Bryan, will advocate the free coinage of silver, that moment we shall see revived the doubts of the financial world which brought on the panic of 1893 and the three following years. It must be recollected that the country was eventually saved from the extreme logical consequences of the then existing conditions by the courage and intelligence of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle. If they had not resorted to their utmost legal authority to maintain the "parity" of the two metals, the country would have experienced all the evils that immediately result from a depreciated currency.

It is only necessary to recall the events of those years, and the strenuous exertions of the administration, to realize what may happen in the future, if, by any unhappy change, an unsound-money man like Bryan is elected President, and finds on the statute-book the legislation which troubled Mr. Cleveland, and which remains unchanged. It is unnecessary to speak at length of the evil conditions then prevailing in business, of the locking up of currency and the consequent currency famine. It is only necessary to recall the raids on the Treasury begun early in 1893. In 1879 the gold reserve was $114,000,000; in April, 1893, it had fallen to $97,000,000; in February, 1894, it was reduced to $65,000,000—a loss of $32,000,000 in less than a year. The President then sold $50,000,000 of bonds, under the law of 1875, realizing nearly $59,000,000. By reason of this sale the reserve stood, in March, 1894, at $107,000,000; but on the 30th of June, five months after the sale, it was again down to $65,000,000. On the 24th of November, 1894, the reserve was a little less than $58,000,000, and $50,000,000 more of bonds were sold, realizing about $58,500,000. This increased the fund so that on December 4 it was $111,000,000. Still the raids continued, and in a little more than two months more than $69,000,000 of gold had been withdrawn from the Treasury, so that in February, 1895, the reserve had fallen to $41,000,000. Nearly $43,000,000 had been withdrawn in January alone. During the latter month, the President had asked Congress to give to the Secretary of the Treasury authority to sell low-rate gold bonds, in order that he might always have the power to overcome the difficulty—in truth, the grant of the power coupled with one other act would have been a sufficient and lasting remedy; but Congress refused, and the agreement was made for the exchange of bonds for gold, in pursuance of which a syndicate of bankers protected the Treasury from further raids for six months. The result was that the reserve was saved, the currency of the country remained practically, as it is theoretically, on a gold basis; but the victory was won at an enormous cost to business interests, and by an addition of $162,000,000 to the public debt.

The conditions which created the doubt as to our currency system, and therefore the assault on the Treasury and the panic, were legislative conditions. The silver-purchase acts of 1890, the falling off of revenues due to legislation, and the fears of still further unsound-money legislation were the panic-breeders of 1893-6. We may assume that the country is now reasonably safe from the menace of fiat-money legislation, but it may still be at the mercy of a President who believes in the free coinage of silver. It should never be forgotten that the members of Congress who in 1896 followed the banner of Bryan and the Chicago platform, and who continue in that faith and company, did their utmost to fix, and even to increase, the doubts which were expressed in the panic. They objected to the sale of bonds under the act of 1875, on the ground that the President had not the authority which he and the Secretary of the Treasury asserted and exercised. They opposed the securing of gold in this manner, and at the same time they refused to authorize the issue of other bonds. Their hostility to the maintenance of the gold reserve was so intense that they refused to save the government more than $16,000,000 in interest, which might have been done if Congress had assented to Mr. Cleveland's request to make the last bonds issued payable in gold. It is clear that if Mr. Bryan had been President from 1893 to 1896, the country would have been on a silver basis, where he wants to place it now.

In the absence of legislative menace, how may the President excite dangerous doubts and induce a raid on the Treasury gold? It is true that in law the standard of value is gold. The fourteenth section of the act of 1873 declared the unit of value to be the gold dollar. Nevertheless, the bonds of the United States and the interest on them are payable in "coin," and not only do the silver men insist that this warrants payment in silver, notwithstanding that silver was not coined when the bonds were authorized, but Congress has, in recent years, refused to declare that the word coin in this connection means gold. In February, 1895, Senator Hill introduced into the Senate a resolution requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to pay out gold for coin obligations when the market-price of coined silver fell below that of gold. Senator Teller, in opposing the resolution, said, "The government of the United States has no obligation upon it to pay its bonds in gold any more than in silver." This is the faith of the silver men. It is true that the law pledges the government "to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other," but Bryan and his followers hold, and the act read literally sustains them, that the choice of metals, in paying, rests with the Secretary of the Treasury. It [illegible]r him to determine what is necessary to be done in this instance, to preserve the parity of the metals. He may pay out silver in order to make it as good as gold. Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Gage have thought it incumbent upon them to pay out the metal demanded by the holder of bonds or greenbacks or certificates or Treasury notes. But the silver dollars and the silver certificates are legal tender, and, moreover, are coin and warehouse receipts for coin. Does any one doubt that a Bryan Secretary of the Treasury would insist on paying silver for silver certificates and Treasury notes, and is there any reasonable doubt that it would require the intervention of the courts to prevent him from paying out silver for interest on the bonded debt and for the principal when it became due? And what would happen then? A panic would follow, compared with which that of 1893-6 might be trifling, for the credit of the government would be at the mercy of the Executive—its strong defence at the former period, but then hostile.

It rests, then, with the Republican majority in Congress to guard against and prevent such a misfortune. It can be done by a declaration that the word coin, in all acts relating to the national debt or the national currency, means gold, and by the passage of a bill, like the McCleary bill of the last session, providing that the greenbacks, once in the Treasury, shall not be again issued except in return for gold, and also for the gradual retirement of the greenbacks and their replacement by a bank currency based on commercial assets. The chances of having a silver man thrust into the Presidency are doubtless slight, but no chance whatever should be taken. This Congress ought to make the concurrence of the President and Congress essential to the debasement of the currency. As the law stands, the President may work the evil alone.

THE news that a temporary arrangement has been made concerning the boundary-line in Alaska is good news, for the temporary arrangement is quite likely to become permanent. As soon as the case was withdrawn from the atmosphere of Dominion politics—as soon as it ceased to be borne down either by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's or Sir Charles Tupper's party necessities—a settlement was inevitable, for both Great Britain and the United States had, or thought they had, higher interests at stake than the question whether Canada should twist international law to give her the Lynn Canal and two important American settlements, or should be content with a way to the sea through the courtesy of this country. Democracies are not gracious in diplomacy, and it will probably always be difficult to agree with our northern neighbor, without British intervention, on questions which excite popular interest. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the subjects of disagreement will be few and of comparatively slight importance or interest.

ENGLAND'S trouble in the Transvaal arises first from her insistence on an international fiction. She claims suzerainty over the Transvaal by treaty, but it has long been familiar knowledge that she would not be able to enforce her overlordship except by a resort to arms. Under her treaties, however, she has the right to insist that Englishmen living in the South African Republic shall be treated as well, under the laws, as are Dutchmen residing under British rule in the Cape Colony. It is notorious, of course, that Englishmen are not fairly treated in President Kruger's curious republic. Affairs might have been compromised, however, very easily if Joseph Chamberlain were not sixty-three years old, very active, very unscrupulous, and very ambitious to be Premier before going out of public life. His one chance of attaining the sublime heights is through his connection with the Unionists; but the Unionists do not like him nor trust him, and they will not upset Mr. Balfour for him unless he can force his issue upon the party. His one chance of doing that lies in the Transvaal, and therefore Kruger is his quarry—a quarry that he will pursue even to war, if that be necessary to gratify his ambition.

TRUSTS are about to be intelligently and thoroughly examined into at Chicago, and a good deal of sound expert opinion will soon be at the command of the legislatures of the country. The time is coming, we are inclined to believe, when politicians will be obliged to give up shouting in the air on this subject and settle down to hard work. And then, probably, they will learn that combinations of capital, like combinations of labor, must be regulated by administration and held to account by the courts.

IT is evident that Mr. Bryan is desirous of the support of the New Jersey delegation in the Democratic National Convention. He also wants the votes of the Kentucky delegates. To the Democrats of New Jersey he sends advice as to the issues on which their local campaign is to be fought. Mr. Bryan's advice nowhere mentions that hitherto "vital" and "essential" principle, to wit, that the United States ought to coin silver free at the ratio of 16 to 1. As to Kentucky, it is different. Goebel, the regular Democratic candidate, obtained his nomination by force and fraud. He is opposed not only by General Buckner and the other gold Democrats, but by many honest Democrats who are for free silver and who have been for Bryan. These Democrats have nominated John Young Brown as Goebel's opponent. Bryan has chosen Goebel, fraud, and silver in Kentucky. He advises keeping 16 to 1 in sight, because he believes that most Kentucky Democrats are so strongly for silver that even those of them who hate fraud may be induced to prefer Goebel to Taylor, the Republican candidate. In other words, Bryan thinks that if he can convince those who would naturally vote for Brown that in doing so they will probably elect Taylor, these good silver men will take Goebel, choosing fraud, and silver as better than virtue and gold. To sum up, Bryan is out for the nomination, cost his conscience what it may.

The Transvaal Crisis

It is quite possible that before these lines are in print war may have been declared between Great Britain and the Transvaal. On the other hand, there is still, as I write, a chance, though only, I fear, a remote one, that President Kruger may even now, at something past the eleventh hour, be prudent enough to save his state from wreckage by yielding to Mr. Chamberlain's demands. One way or the other, peacefully or by force of arms, England is determined that the question shall be settled, and settled at once. From her point of view, anything, even war with a stubborn and daring foe, even the risk of setting the whole country south of the Zambesi ablaze, is preferable to allowing the Transvaal any longer to humiliate British subjects and endanger the imperial position in South Africa; while the Boers see no alternative between making one last supreme fight for independence and being slowly starved out of the rulership of their own land.

The fundamental rights and wrongs of the dispute have been wellnigh buried in the semi-legal controversies that have raged round the London Convention of 1884. These controversies may be happily passed by. It does not affect the general position whether the control over the foreign relations of the Transvaal, vested in the Queen by that clumsiest of diplomatic documents, amounts to a suzerainty or not. It does not really matter whether Mr. Chamberlain has strict legal right on his side in protesting against the franchise laws, the railroad tariffs, the dynamite monopolies, and the other familiar items of the President's domestic policy, or whether, under the terms of the Convention, he has no such right. The fact that he *does* protest is the important thing to know. Convention or no Convention, Great Britain cannot remain indifferent to the indignities put upon her subjects in the Transvaal, any more than the United States would suffer similar indignities to be put upon her citizens by a South-American republic. The duty of protecting one's countrymen, wherever their interests are attacked, is the real basis—I hold it a legitimate and practically unassailable basis—for Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Likewise it is irrelevant to accuse the Boers of bad faith in excluding the Uitlanders from the suffrage. It is not against the letter of the London Convention, however much it may be against its spirit. Both parties have violated the understood purport of that document—the President by refusing to place British and Boer on a political equality, Great Britain by interfering in the domestic affairs of the republic. Each can show moral and national right for the policy it has adopted; and in such a case it is of little moment to determine which side was the first to depart from the narrow path of strict legality.

The general situation is this: The Uitlanders, over ninety per cent. of whom belong to the English-speaking race, outnumber the Boers by over two to one. They own more than half the land and pay nine-tenths of the taxes. It is they who have made the Transvaal. They found it a bankrupt and disorganized state; they have raised it to be the first gold-producing country in the world. There is surely enough in these grounds—and they are far from being the only ones—to establish at least a presumptive title to some share in the government of the country which owes its prosperity to their energies. No such share is allowed to them. They cannot vote, except for a legislature that cannot legislate; they have no voice in the spending of the moneys taken from their pockets; they see millions devoted to fortifications and secret-service funds, while Johannesburg remains a miserable pest-hole.

Squeezed by a tariff that diverts their profits into the purses of the Boer farmers, their industries are hampered by enactments and monopolies and excessive freight charges that increase the expenses of mining by nearly forty per cent. above their legitimate sum; the use of their language is forbidden them in the schools and law courts of a city where not one man in a thousand speaks anything but English; and the Boer *taal*—a clipped and debased dialect that has never put forth a single literary flower—is enforced in its place.

"Taxation without representation" was held to justify one great rebellion. The Uitlanders have not only taxation without representation, but taxation without justice, without police, without sanitation, without schools, without freedom of the press, without liberty of public meeting.

The situation is impossible on the face of it, and it is the Boers who have made it so. Had they granted the franchise before the agitation became acute, their state would never have been threatened with annihilation. As it is, they have so exasperated the Uitlanders and Great Britain by their policy of mistrust and broken promises, that nothing is now open to them but the choice between committing suicide and being murdered. It is not alone the political rights of a few thousand Englishmen at Johannesburg that are at stake, but the whole position of Great Britain in South Africa. The long triumph of the Boers in holding down the English in the Transvaal has created a dangerous solidarity of Dutch sentiment, and with it a thinly veiled antagonism to British rule; while the effect of the open humiliation of so many Englishmen on the minds and in the eyes of the natives is a consideration of almost equal gravity.

The unrest and the turbulence that radiate from Johannesburg have cast a deadening blight over the whole country, wrapping it in a cloud of uncertainties, and seriously retarding the development of its commerce. Peace and security are impossible so long as the Boers persist in treating the British like Kaffirs, and national dignity and imperial interests demand instant reformation.

Nevertheless, there is much to be said on the Boer side. They *trekked* in the thirties from Cape Colony to escape from British rule, and founded a republic of their own beyond the Vaal. Great Britain annexed the state in the seventies, under promise of self-government—promises delayed so long that the Boers took up arms to enforce them, and won back their independence. They are attached to their land with the fanaticism of men who have fought and bled to keep it free from alien control, and they took instant alarm at the stream of capitalists and stock-jobbers that threatened to overwhelm them after the discovery of gold.

To preserve the state in their own hands, they excluded the new settlers from political rights. It was a mistake, but a natural one for rustics to make. Had they placed the Uitlanders, after a reasonable probationary period, on a par with themselves, it is not certain that the republic would ever have had to trouble itself about its independence. The motive for desiring a change of allegiance would have been wanting, and the new-comers would have dwelt side by side with the old burghers in more or less harmony.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR F. W. E. FORESTIER-WALKER, K. C. B.,
Who has been Ordered to South Africa, and will Command the British Forces there in the Event of War with the Transvaal.

But as things are now, after all these years of petty, irritating persecution, it is, I think, inevitable that the Transvaal should become a part of the British Empire. Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, which fell to the ground at the Bloemfontein Conference, would at least have made the transformation as gradual and inoffensive as possible. The President rejected them, and on him must the responsibility rest if the knot he has tied is summarily cut in two.

The Boers, it is said, are struggling for liberty, and that is true; but the liberty they are struggling for is the liberty to maintain a mediæval oligarchy at the expense of three times their number. One may sympathize with them in their hopeless struggle against the modern world that is closing in upon them, even while maintaining that the time has come for them to bow or be bent to its will. They stand and have stood for many years in the path of justice and progress, and must now be rolled out of the way.

Great Britain has waited for them to reform with a patience and self-control that should be a final answer to those who suppose that her Transvaal policy is only another instance of "land-grabbing." It is only now, when their persistent obstinacy has become a danger to British ascendancy in the neighboring colonies, that she has resolved to use force if the final pressure of diplomacy proves unavailing. The task is not one to be lightly undertaken.

A war with the Transvaal, even if it spreads no further, will be the most difficult business Great Britain has had on hand since the days of the Crimea. If it extends to Cape Colony and the Orange Free State, as it easily might, it will mean such a contest as England has not been engaged in since the Napoleonic wars. Nothing but an unwilling consciousness of its imperial necessity could force her into it.

Sydney Brooks.

The Freight-Car Famine and the Stock-Market

Speaking recently of the scarcity of cars with which to move the great volume of freight offering now and in sight for the autumn and winter, a Southern Railway Company official said that it was only another evidence of the intense activity of the iron trade and of the enormous demands upon the manufacturers. Lumber, wheels and axles, the steel for the frames, and bolts and nuts must all be assembled before the car can be built. The car-builder ascribes his delay to the iron and steel men, and they in turn cannot make deliveries because the mines and furnaces cannot turn out pig-iron fast enough to meet the demand. This is only one proof of the prosperous condition of an industry that has grown to such vast dimensions in this country only in recent years, and is second in importance to none in assuring prosperity. The scarcity of cars must not be looked upon as a serious matter for the transportation industry, though it will cause more embarrassment than usual this year because every branch of trade and manufacturing is showing unprecedented activity, and because the crops will be above the average in yield. At this season it is the rule that there should be complaints from shippers at the lack of cars; but to have on hand sufficient rolling-stock to move promptly the wheat and corn crops, the railroad companies would be compelled to furnish cars that at other seasons would be idle and would not earn the interest on the additional outlay. Unusually large orders for new equipment have been given this year, however, and ultimately products will find their way to the markets with, it is to be hoped, little or no loss to the shipper. Indeed, it may well be that the farmer will be the gainer, in so far as there will be an avoidance of a glut in the markets.

The statements of the earnings of the railroads that have come to hand for the month of August universally show increases over the returns during the same month last year, though they compare with improvements then over those of the August of the preceding year. Nor have the railroads alone shown gains, for official or otherwise well-authenticated reports show enormous earnings by the industrial combinations. The effect of these influences was seen in the stock-market, in which the commission-houses have again been active. The upward movement was arrested and speculation checked, first, by the apprehension that the dispute between the British government and the Boer republic was approaching a crisis and would terminate in war. While we are not directly concerned, it was argued that the consequence of a warlike collision would be the closing of the Kaffir mines, and closer working of the money-market in London, bringing about a fall in the prices of securities and the return of such as have been bought of us this year. In other words, the decline here was sentimental; but that is always a strong element in speculation in Wall Street. The selling based on the higher rates for money here and the depletion of the reserves of the associated banks was more logical, for when reserves get low the banks replenish by calling in loans, and securities must be sold in order to pay them off. It must be remembered, however, that the associated banks do not represent all of the loanable capital in the street. Many trust companies lend their funds direct through brokers, and one great firm of private bankers is said to be lending very large amounts of money on Stock Exchange securities. It must always be borne in mind, also, that higher money rates this year result from the active employment of money, and not from inflation or want of confidence in the stability of the financial situation. The bear position in the stock-market was also strengthened temporarily by accounts of damage done to the crops by the extreme heat and drying winds in the corn belt. Some damage may well have been wrought by the conditions that prevailed there in the first few days of the month, but it is probable that the injury done has been magnified for speculative purposes, just as we shall hear of ruin caused by early frosts. In the next few weeks, until the crop shall have been gathered, we are likely to hear a good deal of this sort of talk, and possibly corresponding price movements in the grain-market, and in stocks of railroads that penetrate the corn belt. Fortunately we may be reasonably sure that, after all, enough will be left to allow us to supply the wants of the foreigner as well as our own needs.

Some important movements worthy of note have occurred in the stock-market, the one creating most gossip and attracting most attention probably being the course of Tennessee coal and iron. The upward movement, when it began, was based on the improvement in the iron trade, and on the fact that the contracts for the company's products at the old low rates were about to expire. The changed conditions were not realized in time by traders who were short of the stock, and they were lulled into security by the ease with which it could be borrowed, until some were forced to buy stock above par that they had sold short below 50. The movement in Colorado fuel and iron stock had somewhat the same origin. The advance in the securities of the coal roads, both bituminous and anthracite, was logical, as the demand for fuel has grown with industrial progress. The contest between the local gas companies is still watched with keen interest, as is that between the rival sugar-refining companies.

THE GRAND ARMY AND THE PENSION QUESTION

THE "new" soldier, his hardships, his courage, and his victories have been the engaging theme of the last year, but the "old soldier," the veteran of the former wars, for whom there is always and everywhere a subconscious feeling of gratitude, has for the week of his reminiscent jubilee again become the more conspicuous figure in the streets of every city and in our thought. The gathering at Philadelphia this year has been spoken of as the last great encampment, but it is probable that next year will bring together as great a number, even in spite of the rapidly diminishing ranks, for while Philadelphia may be nearer the centre of enlistment, the veterans went in great numbers to the West after the war, and Chicago is probably now more accessible to the veteran population. Kansas, for example, has to-day twice as many ex-soldiers within her borders as enlisted from that State. But it is to be doubted whether any city can surpass Philadelphia in the warmth of welcome and hospitality accorded the old soldiers, and in the beauty and wealth of decoration which environed them in their march through her streets.

There was a most happy and patriotic conspiracy of circumstance to make this a notable gathering. The historic memories of this birth-place of independence and of the national flag gave fitting background to the occasion. The President of the United States, his new War Secretary, his war captains, his naval commanders with their war-ships, gave it a dignity and picturesqueness beyond common, and the presence of a million people along the line of march added to the moral effect of the most impressive feature of this greatest of our martial celebrations. It is estimated that over thirty thousand veterans were in line, and while the death of three of the older men and the exhaustion of scores of others invited some criticism upon the continuance of this annual feature, its omission would rob the occasion of most of its wholesome stimulative influence. The Avenue of Fame through which the old soldiers marched, flanked on either side by temporary monuments, of real artistic value, to the achievement of the army and navy, presented a picture both by day and night which must be a grateful memory to all those men who passed through it in that procession. And the words of the President, their comrade, at their camp fire were inspiriting. It was easy to believe that the day was for many of that great throng what the President said it was for him—"one of the happiest days of my life."

In addition to all this, the gathering furnished occasion for the expression of the administration policy with respect to our present war. Secretary Root declared that the war now waging should be "waged without dishonored blood on the flag for which they fight. We will see to it that not one rood of ground that has been made sacred by the blood of American sons in that far-distant land shall ever return to the dominion of semi-civilization." And Commissioner Schurman gave his first public utterance on the Philippine question in saying that the United States "expanded when it signed the treaty of peace with Spain," and that the one question before us is, "Can we carry out the obligation which we then assumed? We are facing necessities that are necessities. Then let us face them as necessities."

It is regrettable that these annual gatherings, which evoke the highest sentiments, should be marred by the attendant discussions over pensions, which to a sensitive mind lose a good measure of their beneficent effect in the quibbling over the adjustment of the gratuity to the need of the applicant. This year the report of the committee on pensions, in review of the conduct of the Pension Department, was the most important matter under consideration. It is believed that a general and deep regard for the President alone prevented more radical and more personal resolutions.

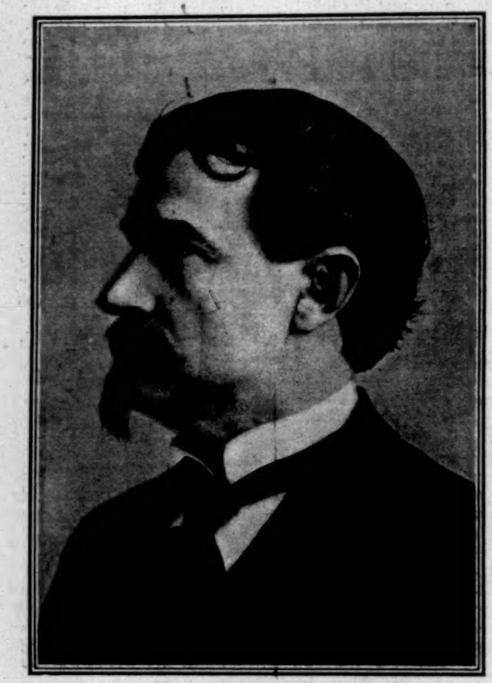
The new National Commander, Colonel Albert D. Shaw, of New York, whose candidacy for the Commandership gathered support from his hostile attitude toward the present Commissioner of Pensions, stated the position of many of the veterans to me in these words:

"It is an almost general belief among veterans that the delays in the Pension Office, in passing upon claims, are in a great majority of cases unjust and cruel; and especially that the odious rules of former recent pension commissioners still in force are a positive disregard of the oft-repeated protestations of the veterans against these irritating and hated rules."

It had been expected that the ruling of the department (Order 225), late in President Harrison's administration, would be abrogated by the present administration for the more generous original ruling upon the same law (Order 164). Colonel Shaw's contention is that the enactment of a new law is not necessary; he asks merely that the present laws be "impartially enforced in the spirit of justice and fairness in which they were enacted, without evasion or subterfuge."

The resolutions finally presented by the above committee were in harmony with these expressions of Colonel Shaw. The committee has been continued and directed to procure the necessary legislation in the event that relief is not afforded by the executive officers.

The story of this strife is not a new one, but I tried to secure its fresh statement from the veterans themselves. Specifically they complain (1) that questions are put by examiners impugning the character of widows; (2) that widows of soldiers who are pensioners under law of 1890 are obliged to show that their income is less than $96 per year, in order to be eligible for pension; (3) that second applications for pension granted should date from the original application, though the cause of disability be different; and (4) that several disability ratings should be combined to make up a rate (as was originally ruled) instead of granting the pension in the degree of the disability.



HENRY CLAY EVANS,
Commissioner of Pensions.

These specific complaints I presented to Commissioner Evans. In answer he said:

"As to the first charge, the examiners are not regularly instructed to make inquiry as to the chastity of widows after death of husband. This is done only when such charges are preferred.

"Concerning the allowance to widows, the present ruling is in liberal interpretation of the law (which, in letter, provides that a widow without other means of support than her daily labor may receive a pension), for it is construed by the department that a widow who has an annual income of less than $96 is eligible. I have myself recommended that the sum be fixed at $250; but this can be done only by a statutory amendment.

"The department has been generous, too, in its treatment of those who, upon examination, are found not to be disabled as specified, in that when other disability is discovered through such examination, the applicant is advised to make new application. It is manifestly unjust that the pension granted under the second application should date from the original declaration. The second examination is not in review of the first.

"And as to the original ruling upon the law of June 27, 1890, under which over four hundred thousand new pensions were granted [Rule 164, for the restoration of which the veterans petition], that was neither good law nor good sense, for it violated the very principle of the law, which is that a pension shall be granted according to the degree of disability."

Having replied to these charges in detail, the commissioner added: "It is now more than a third of a century since the declaration of peace at the close of the civil war; about $2,500,000,000 have been paid out for pensions in that time. To all of this the country has given the most generous approval. New and additional pensioners must be cared for by reason of the war with Spain and the suppression of the insurrection in the Philippines. At the close of the fiscal year, June 30, there were 2195 less names on the rolls than June 30, 1898; the amount paid out for the past year was $138,355,000, being in amount $6,300,000 less than the previous year, though the annual value of the roll, June 30 last, was $649,496 more than it ever had been.

"The annual encampment of the G. A. R. just adjourned demonstrated that there was considerable opposition to my administration of the Pension Department; it is said that I have been too close in the construction of the law, while I insist that I am giving a generous construction and administration of the laws, and that there have been no new laws since the advent of this administration. That the annual value of the roll is greater than ever, while the number of pensioners has decreased, would seem to be convincing on this point. The pension under the general laws is higher than it ever was, at the close of the year being $165 70; while, June 30, 1889, the average pension was $131 18, and the average annual value of the 1890 pension was greater than at the close of the year 1898.

"Standing at the head of the great soldier bureau, I claim to be the true friend of the soldier. In my efforts to cut off abuses in the bureau I claim to be not only doing so to protect the Treasury of the United States, but to be maintaining the honor and integrity of the roll, and thereby protecting the good name of the Union soldier."

Commander Shaw advocates, in view of the present heavy demand upon the Treasury, the issuance of a patriot pension bond, to run fifty years, enough of these bonds to be sold each year to pay the annual pensions; but this is only putting upon the shoulders of another generation a present burden, and doubtless there will be general agreement with Commissioner Evans that, three decades having passed, we ought not now to shift this weight of obligation, which, after all, is most willingly and gratefully borne.

And then, from the present indications, the next generation and several generations to come will have their own pension lists to carry. The commissioner's report shows that while there is but one surviving pensioner of the war of 1812, there are 1998 widows (most of whom probably were not born at the beginning of that war). The extension of this rate to our civil and Spanish war pension problems would produce astounding results.

The recommendation of Commissioner Evans, who, it is believed, is doing what seems to be his plain duty with commendable sincerity and courage, not only in conserving the interests of the people at large, but in insuring, so far as possible, the purity of the pension roll against the attacks of greedy pension lawyers and fraudulent applicants, is that there should be a codification and revision of the pension laws, and that a commission should be appointed to this end. It is to be hoped, as we said last week, that all will unite in this recommendation, and that the system may thus be shorn, as far as possible, of irritating provisions; that it may be pervaded by the spirit in which a grateful people make their gifts, and deprived of anything that makes of patriotism an occasion for parasitism.

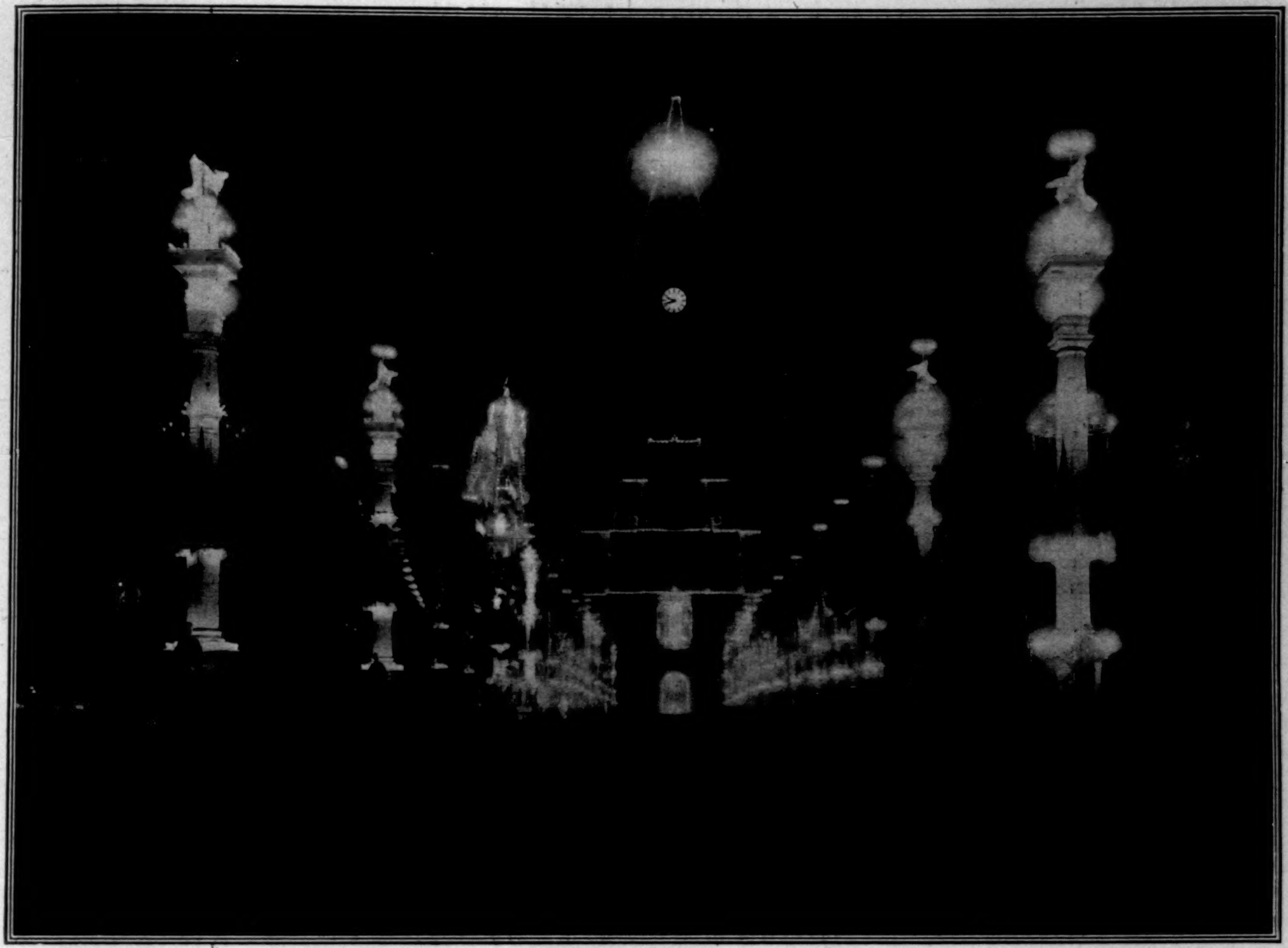
COLONEL ALBERT D. SHAW,
New Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.
Photograph by Gray, Watertown, New York.

The Wage of the Work-a-day

I HAIL the souls of mute singers—
The forgotten and voiceless throng—
That thrill the earth
With the priceless mirth
Of labor's unworded song!

They are knights of faith and of patience,
True kings of the sea and soil!
For they pale the glory
Of war and story
By the chivalry of toil!

JOHN MALONE.



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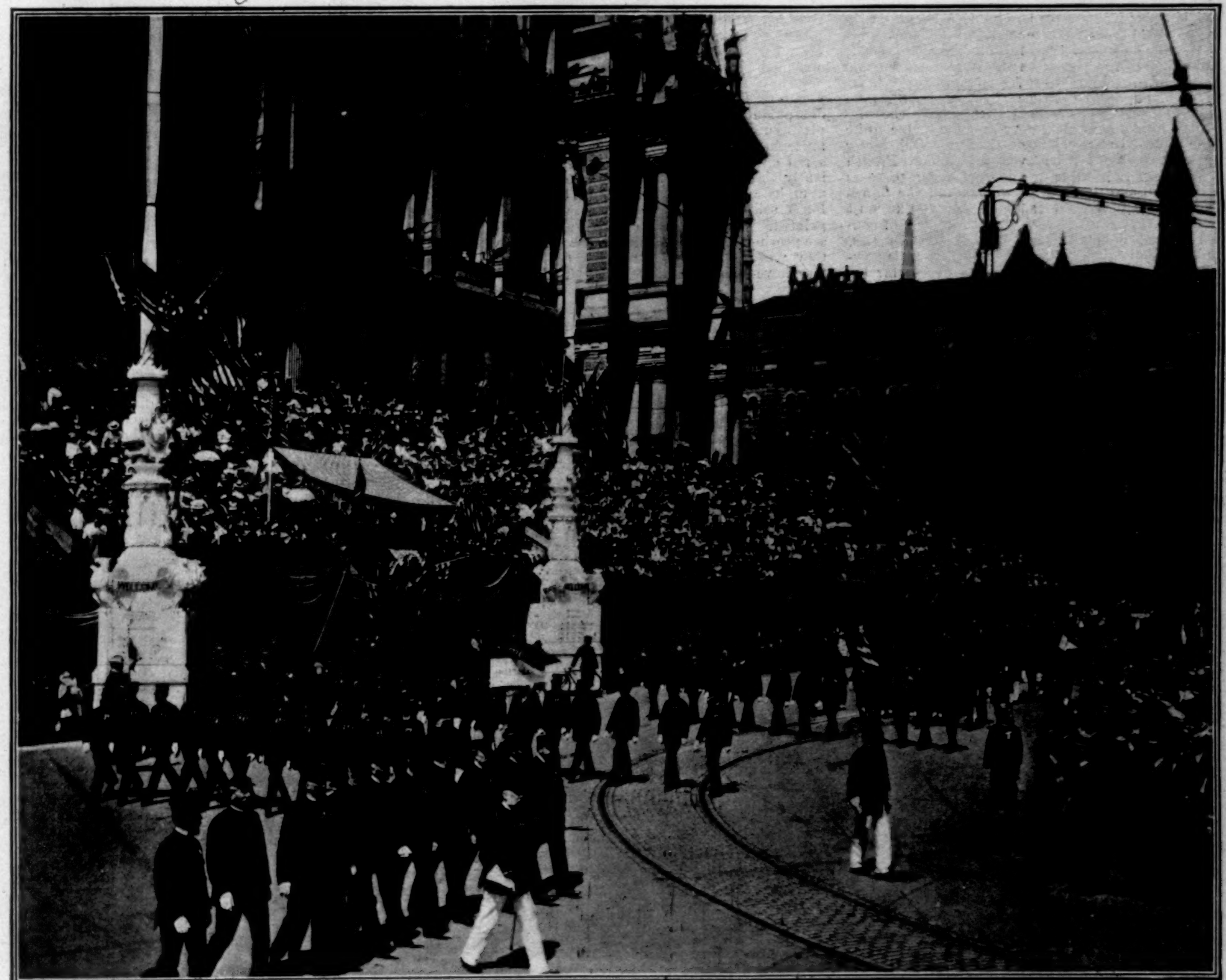
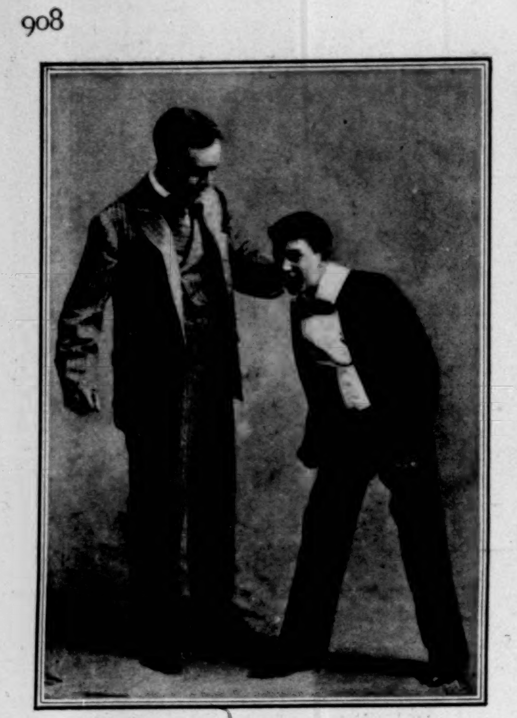
THE "AVENUE OF FAME," SHOWING THE ILLUMINATIONS.



Photograph by William H. Rau.

LAFAYETTE POST No. 140, OF NEW YORK CITY, PASSING THE REVIEWING-STAND.

PHILADELPHIA—THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.



W. ERSKINE AND R. BOTTOMLEY
In "A Little Ray of Sunshine."

DRAMA

THE American dramatic season has opened very characteristically with a conventional English and a conventional French farce. "A Little Ray of Sunshine" was written by Messrs. Mark Ambient and Wilton Heriot for Mr. W. S. Penley, the creator of "Charley's Aunt," and is a farce of mistaken identity, with no new feature worth noting. It is acted at Wallack's here by an English company headed by Mr. William Elton, an excellent comedian of legitimate methods well remembered by New-Yorkers as a member of the Wallack stock company in its palmy days. If the play has any claim upon critical attention, it is because it is so admirably conventional in accordance with the English convention. Of course nobody in the audience is allowed for a moment to mistake the villain, though the people on the stage make no end of diversion by mistaking him. And the good people are as little out of the ordinary; their virtues are of the kind one is taught in the nursery, and if they have the suggestion of a foible, it is altogether amiable. One quite misses the shrewd and psychologic shadings of character that are seldom absent from even the wildest French farce. Yet the play has this great virtue, that it presents the English man and the English woman and the things they are supposed to live for in the aspect we like most to contemplate. It is warm with the atmosphere of conventional English country living, its sweet family ties, and its pious family rites. This effect of the play is powerfully re-enforced by the players. To a degree far beyond what is usual in American companies, they are able to give the illusion of gentle-folk; they all have easy English voices and natural English manners. Mr. Elton, though he lacks Penley's genius for exuberant farce, is all kindliness and good-humor. The ray of sunshine is little enough to be quite in keeping with an English atmosphere, but for any one of facile imagination it has undoubted brightness and warmth.

A little Ray of English Sunshine.

The Peep-hole of Lubricity.

"The Girl from Maxim's," which Mr. Charles Frohman is presenting at the Criterion, in Longacre Square—hitherto known as the Lyric—is quite a different case. Like *Bully Bottom* in the ass's head, she has been translated. The original play, if reports are true, went a peg beyond even the childlike oblivion of morals one finds in the conventional French farce; and also, be it said, it added a ray of iridescence to the feathery foam that flakes and sparkles in the lowest French comedy as in the highest. Any man of cosmopolitan sympathies, however virtuous, might well have partaken of its cakes and ale, or rather its *truffes soufflées et champagnes.* But your Anglo-Saxon is so hopelessly uncosmopolitan. By his own fireside his window is wide open to the smallest ray of sunshine, but he has a bad habit of looking at the extravagance of Gallic joyance through the peep-hole of lubricity. Go down to the steamer and button-hole the men who are coming back from Paris. A hundred of them will tell you how bad is this *Dame de chez Maxime;* scarcely one will tell you how airy and effervescent her mirth is. All this is well known to the great powers of commercial management. For weeks past the industrious press-agent has disseminated through the daily press the idea that the new importation is very, very naughty. Meanwhile some underling of the theatre has carefully eliminated the nudities of French wit, or draped them with the Canton flannel of his own invention; but that does not deprive these good Americans of their joyous sense of wickedness. Far from it! The spell of the press-agent is upon them, and nothing on earth would convince them that they are not acting in a way to shock their poor grandmothers. They laugh the laugh of the vacuous, and come away to tell their friends that *they* have seen "The Girl from Maxim's." If it were only the conventional immorality that had been eliminated, all would be very well indeed; but the dash and *chic* have also gone by the board. Here and there, it is true, the bare outline of a situation has remained from the original, but it only serves to make one sigh for the gray and green boulevards of Paris, and perhaps for a sip of the gray and green absinthe of French wit, for even what little remains of the play is spoiled in the acting. The two old roistering physicians that acquire *Praline*, the girl from Maxim's, might, even in the translation, be given the urbanity of the French professional gentlemen; but as they turn up at the Criterion they are— Perhaps it would be more polite not to say just what they are. The provincial coterie in the second act that is duped into imitating the extravagances of *Praline's* Parisian manners had no doubt in the original something of the fine absurdity of Molière's "Précieuses Ridicules" who fell before *Mascarille.* The people on this Broadway stage enacted the provincial not wisely, but too well. As for *Praline* herself, that creature of joyous caprice and mad inventions, she is Rag-time Lise from the Bowery, and her word is "*Rats!*" This is perhaps the greatest pity of all, for as the real Rag-time Lise Miss Josephine Hall is delightful. To understand why such plays succeed, it is only necessary to go to a five-cent museum in the Bowery. Along one wall you will find a red curtain with glass peep-holes looking into a brilliantly lighted space, in which are hung prints of the nymphs and goddesses that have been remarked in the Paris salons for the excellence with which they are painted. Through the peep-holes a line of country jakes are peering, half abashed at their own temerity. No doubt they will go back up State and tell their friends that *they* have been on the Bowery. The people who go to the peep-shows of Broadway differ from their humbler brethren mainly in the fact that they are offered so much more and find so much less.

WILLIAM ELTON AND HIS COMPANY
In "A Little Ray of Sunshine," at Wallack's Theatre, New York.

Imported Labor.

There are to be other imported plays presented during the coming season. Before these lines appear Miss Annie Russell will have opened the Lyceum Theatre with "Miss Hobbs," by Jerome K. Jerome, and Mr. John Drew the Empire with "The Tyranny of Tears," a comedy that has brought its author, Haddon Chambers, back into critical favor. Mr. David Belasco is promised a prose play by Jean Richepin for Mrs. Leslie Carter; and Miss Julia Arthur is to have the American rights of Bergerat's "Plus que Reine." Mansfield has secured the American rights to "Jeffries," a play by Emil Moreau, which centres about the famous English "hanging justice," and also to Moreau's "Madame de Lavalette." Mr. and Mrs. Sothern are intending to present Mr. Meltzer's translation of Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," at Daly's. Sir Henry Irving is to bring over Sardou's "Robespierre." Perhaps the greatest theatrical novelty will be "The Ghetto," a play levelled at the racial and religious conservatism of the Jews, by the Dutch *littérateur* Heyermann. Altogether, it will not be the fault of our managers if we do not keep abreast of the foreign dramatic world.

ANNIE YEAMANS
In "Why Smith Left Home," at the Madison Square Theatre.

"In the society to which I'm accustomed, ma'am, ladies never put in their spoke until they're spoken to."

A capital American Farce.

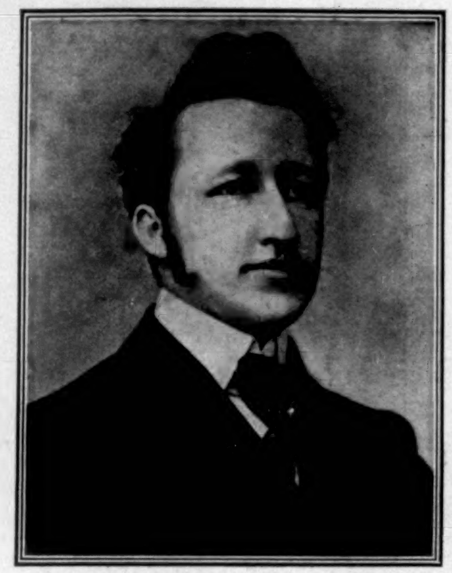
Of American plays there are to be a few. Among the conventionally farcical incidents by which Mr. George H. Broadhurst explains "Why Smith Left Home" (at the Madison Square) at least one is new. Smith's cook, *Lavinia*, is head of a labor union of domestic servants, and if her slightest wish is refused she threatens a general boycott. Butler and house-maid, iceman and butcher's boy, will all be ordered out, and when the family is made ill by *Mrs. Smith's* cooking, the druggist's clerk will be forbidden to administer the needful paregoric. The firm tone of authority *Lavinia* assumes in dealing with her employers and their guests is exaggerated just enough to be infinitely appealing to any one who has struggled with the problem of the American domestic, and Mrs. Yeamans's impersonation of the part is human in conception and skilful in execution.

Speak for yourself, Brother Jonathan.

The other American playwrights are in line. Mr. Augustus Thomas's "Arizona," which was lately welcomed in Chicago, is to appear in New York. Messrs. Bronson Howard and Brander Matthews have jointly constructed a play out of Peter Stuyvesant, in which Mr. Crane will appear as the man with a wooden leg; and Mr. Clyde Fitch has made a play for Miss Julia Marlowe out of the story of Barbara Frietchie. Mr. James A. Herne has written a play for himself, which is to be called "Sag Harbor Folk," and which is to render the same service to the longshoremen of Long Island that "Shore Acres" rendered to those of Maine. A dramatization of Mr. Howells's *A Hazard of New Fortunes* is promised us: Mr. Frank C. Drake has thrown the story into scenes and roughly outlined the dialogue, the whole being revised and rewritten by Mr. Howells.

The usual levy has of course been made on popular novels. After many years of doubt, General Wallace has been convinced that the sea-fight and the chariot-race of *Ben-Hur* can be adequately staged, and Messrs Klaw & Erlanger have already begun training their *dramatis personæ.* The Arabian steeds are running miles daily on tread-mill rollers in a Twenty-third Street stable, and Mr. Walker Whiteside is not far off, under the care of Attila, Sandow's trainer, getting his biceps and pectorals into shape to look the part, and incidentally to keep his four Arabs from dashing off the rollers into the wings. The production will no doubt excel all previous sensational plays in the splendor and ingenuity of its scenes. More interesting from the dramatic point of view is Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske's production, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, of "Becky Sharp," a play constructed by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell out of certain signal episodes in *Vanity Fair.* A new version of Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* will be presented by Mr. Henry Miller. Daudet's *Sapho* is to be dramatized by Mr. Clyde Fitch for Miss Olga Nethersole. Mr. I. Zangwill has delved a play out of his *Children of the Ghetto*, which will foil and be a foil to Heyermann's "The Ghetto." The *Reb Shemuel* is to be that most excellent of character actors Mr. Wilton Lackaye, best known for his *Svengali.* Matinée girls will grieve to learn that Mr. Frank Worthing, the young man of the play, is liable to turn up with a figure-six nose, and I confess myself to a qualm at the thought that as *Hannah Jacobs* Miss Blanche Bates is liable to be similarly figured. *The Gadfly* has been dramatized for Mr. Stuart Robson, and *The Choir Invisible* is also to appear on the boards. One of the most interesting of the book plays is to be that fashioned out of *Sherlock Holmes* by Mr. William Gillette. It is understood that Mr. Gillette has handled his material very freely, and has succeeded in getting about a box of cigars into the play. The season as a whole offers points of unusual variety and interest, but will lack any dominant feature, such as we had last year in "Cyrano."

JOHN CORBIN.



SIEGFRIED WAGNER.

MUSIC

THE AUTUMN REVEILLE—ABROAD

In London.

IN London and Paris, as I write these paragraphs, the arid period—the musical tree dry and brown as to almost each branch and twig—still holds its desiccating reign. Londoners can hear the Carl Rosa Company in its present status at the Grand Theatre in Islington. On the day before which the post demands this brief bordereau has been sung with success by the Carl Rosa people "San Lin," an opera of Chinese local coloring by Messrs. Blau & Hollander—in plot and dress derived from Mr. Charles B. Fernald's "The Cat and the Cherub." But it takes an opera of operas to stir London to musical interest, when everybody who is somebody is out of it, except the singers themselves. Even the church choirs are taking surreptitious holidays. The different music-schools, yclept conservatories in America, have finished the uttermost examinations and awarded the last prizes. The season of the autumn festivals in the great cathedral cities and elsewhere is, however, not remote, after all. The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, brilliantly planned, begin in two weeks. There are flattering announcements as to the procession of concerts in the autumn from Mr. Wood's orchestra at Queen's Hall. The statement is also current that the balance-sheet of the latest opera season at Covent Garden is entirely satisfactory to the Grau Opera Syndicate, and that the subscriptions for Mr. Grau's season of 1900 is already largely booked. I am sorry that at this writing I have no trustworthy outlook toward what will be the outcome of the election of a conductor by the London Philharmonic Society, though rumor is rather firm as to the likelihood of the choice falling on Mr. George Risely or Mr. Frederick H. Ewer. Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera is in part rehearsal for October production.

In Paris.

In Paris routine performances, but by no means slipshod or ill-cast ones, keep open the Opéra. That excellent likeness to Dr. Johnson's famous leg of mutton, the New Opéra Comique—ill-placed, ill-planned, ill-built, and ill-esteemed—is undergoing a new overhauling. A futile hope still lures the directors toward the notion that the building can be remodelled to hold the people that wish to go to it, the musicians that must sing and play in it, and the scenery for the works to be performed. The operas to be undertaken as novelties in the coming season will include "Hansel and Gretel," "Louise" (Charpentier), "Le Juif Polonais" (Erlanger), and "Ratcliff" (Leroux). Massenet's "Cendrillon" will also be a good deal utilized. At the Grand Opera, Berlioz's "Les Troyens à Carthage" is expected. The Conservatoire examinations are ended with several new recruits of mark for the opera-work, of whom we may presently find ourselves hearing newspaper laudations, including Mlles. Hatto, Charles, Rioton, Soyer, Baux, Caher, and MM. Rothier, Andrieu, Riddez, Boyer, Bourbon, Baër, and Roussoulière. The advertisements of Mr. Lamoureux's forth-coming representations of "Tristan and Isolde" (of course independent of the Grand Opera's stays) are appearing, and all Wagnerian Paris will be enlisted. The rôle of *Tristan*, by-the-bye, will be sung by that excellent young American robust tenor, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, now become a Parisian by residence and plans for work.

MME. TERNINA
As *Kundry*.

In Munich.

Munich's instrumental and vocal divinities are considerably dispersed still; some are even engaged in the last activities of the enemy's camp—Baireuth—where the Wagner performances of 1899 are nearing their end. The opera, nevertheless, is busy with an early opening, one of the most judiciously planned and interesting, in the main, that have been of the Munich régime these dozen years. The Mozart cyclus, beautifully dressed, acted with spirit, and only tolerably sung, "Die Feen," that early and disowned reminder to Wagner of his days of Weberism and vacillation, and Siegfried Wagner's popular "Die Bärenhauter," are succeeding one another for a Bavaria full of strangers and pilgrims, and many of them profoundly certain that whatsoever they hear abroad must needs be sung and played ever so much better than is possible for mere New York or Boston or Chicago. It is not altogether a harmless delusion. But it is likely to cure itself, "which," as Mr. Pepys would say, "is methinks a great comfort."

Baireuth in 1899.

Naturally from Vienna and Munich one turns to Baireuth in this year of its Wagnerism—the twenty-third—and to the Wagner festival performances, from which I have just wended my way. It is no longer really just to speak of these more or less interesting occasions as "Wagner Festivals," save in following the pious habit of the advertisements, of the programmes, and of Villa Wahnfried. The representations at Baireuth are merely so many summer afternoon representations of a limited selection of Wagner's music-dramas, or operas (never a complete cyclus), with singers of varied repute, of much varied ability, and of quite as varied nationality.

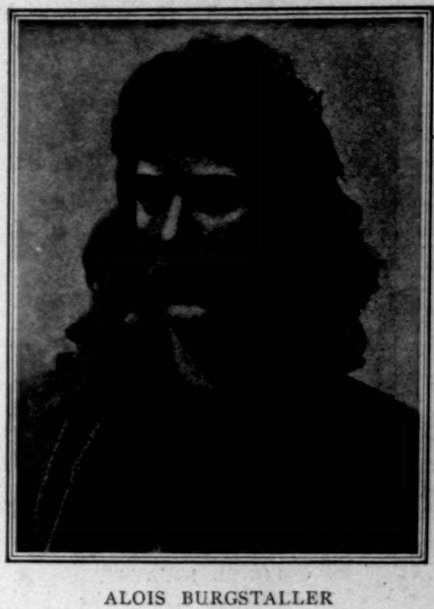
Almost each year they occur under conditions of artistic seriousness and of concentrated attention on the part of the audiences that are not yet attainable in such a perfected degree except where Wagner established them. Let us concede, too, that those conditions maintained by the singers and the peculiar "atmosphere" of Baireuth exist generously; yet whatever else that means, true and *innig* Wagnerism existeth no longer integrally at Baireuth. The Festival this year, as readers of Harper's Weekly will remember, was to produce the Nibelungen Tetralogy in two "cycles," and to add "Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger." The newest "set" of Wagnerian artists, from one or another German or Austrian opera, has been drawn on to furnish the casts, along with two or three of the singers that are of the "middle" epoch of Baireuth—Rosa Sucher, once its chief *Isolde*, and Fritz Friedrichs, to-day, as he was ten years ago, the most admirable *Beckmesser* yet in Wagner history. The rest of the casts brought singers of such fame and high gifts as Ellen Gulbranson, Johanna Gadski, Thilka Ternina, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Anton Van Rooy, and Demeter Popovici, besides a large society of others of unequal if accepted capacity (in the German singing theatres of music), as are Louise Reuss-Belu, Beatrix Kernic, Josephine von Artner, Luise Geller-Wolter, Marion Weed, Alois Burgstaller, Ernest Kraus, Ernest Gerhäuser, Erik Schmedes, Hans Schütz, Hans Breuer, Hans Briesemeister (especially for *Loge*), Hans Keller, and others. The professional proportion was, this year, largely Teutonic and North Teutonic, with noticeably fewer Austrian, American, or other extra-Teutonic aids than hitherto, so far as I recall preceding Festivals. American readers will observe that Mr. Grau has given to our stage, especially lately, the best of the bouquet. One singer of the first importance, Ellen Gulbranson, a Wagnerian planet of clear shining since two or three seasons, I do not doubt Mr. Grau would gladly import to New York. But I fancy he cannot do so, for reasons oddly special to this now celebrated Norwegian *soprano drammatico*.

Ellen Gulbranson.

Madame Ellen Gulbranson is the wife of a Norwegian army officer. She first appeared in Baireuth a Fest or so ago—I forget at which one. She has a powerful dramatic soprano, an overflowing artistic temperament, intense Wagneristic *pietät*, as the phrase of the sanctified Wagnerites goes, and in her moments of high inspiration acts with vigor and is distinctively *Brünnhilde*. She does not always sing well or in good time, nor is her diction so flawless as enthusiasts accord. But she is a remarkable personality. Unluckily she has been enjoined by her husband (so it is said) from singing the opera save at Baireuth. One can hear her at Christiania in concert only, and hardly elsewhere even in concert, except at the Wagner theatre. She has become, in relatively early life, rich, and is esteemed personally. So much for Madame Gulbranson for the moment. We may hear her at the Metropolitan some fine night, perhaps sooner than we think—if perhaps not at all.

Siegfried Wagner.

Siegfried Wagner has directed a fair share of this Festival (all of the first "Ring" cyclus) of 1899 with a very respectable authority. But he leads a band that knows its work, with Prill as the concert-master, and with Richter and Franz Fischer as the other leaders. Siegfried Wagner is now curiously a copy of his father in looks—short, inclined to be fat, full-faced, and thin-haired, with a "roach," as New England calls it, and with many of Wagner's idiosyncrasies of manner. Madame Wagner has aged little of late; with her the firm Lisztian likeness now is almost startling. She looks like Liszt in petticoats, instead of Liszt in his cassock. Needless to say that Madame Wagner keeps all her hereditary and original suavity, dignity, and elegance of manner; and whatever some of us may stoutly think of her management of the "Festivals," her rule is sustained by complete *savoir-faire* in the scenes of her social and artistic agency of now more than a decade.



ALOIS BURGSTALLER
As *Parsifal*.

The Performances at Baireuth.

Generally considered, the four "Ring" dramas were sung just about as well as at the Metropolitan in 1898-9, or as at Covent Garden in 1897-8. Not materially better. That could hardly be expected. "Parsifal" has not fared as well as hitherto, despite Madame Ternina's beautiful singing. Madame Gulbranson was also cast for *Kundry*. The chorus was poor. The orchestra was variable, like Baireuth weather, and the mounting is now faded in at least the second act. The great Tetralogy has again had the advantage of the new scenery and effects recently given it. In "The Mastersinger," Madame Gadski, an eloquent, Wagnerian *Eva* of much graciousness, Mr. Kraus (*Walther*), and Mr. Demuth of Vienna (*Sachs*) were notable associates with Mr. Friedrichs (*Beckmesser*) Sistermanns (*Pogner*) and Schramm (*David*). The scenery was Old Nürnberg to perfectness, as at Hamburg, Munich, Carlsruhe, and other places now. The audiences have been largely British and French. Each day was an ample guarantee of the usual huge receipts. I am sorry to say that they have been audiences quite disregarding the Wagnerian rule as to applause and curtain calls, and by no means artistically musical audiences.

***King Titurel* and Wagner's Heirs.**

"My son Amfortas! Art thou at thy duty?" calls out the anxious voice of the old *King Titurel* to his successor in the solemn offices of the care and use of the grail, in the great second scene in "Parsifal." Remembering Wagner's exact idea for Baireuth during his life, his tomb in the quiet "Wahnfried" garden, and the changes that his heirs have effected in his great art legacy, there seems to be an allegorical meaning in the question. Doubtless much is to be said on both sides of it, as on both sides of most questions. But of the grounds for the outcry, who that knows Baireuth as it was and as it is to-day can deny them? "My son Siegfried! Art thou now at the post gradually made thine? *I* chose it not for thee, remember! But since it *is* thine, shall I live by it, in Baireuth—or perish there?"

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

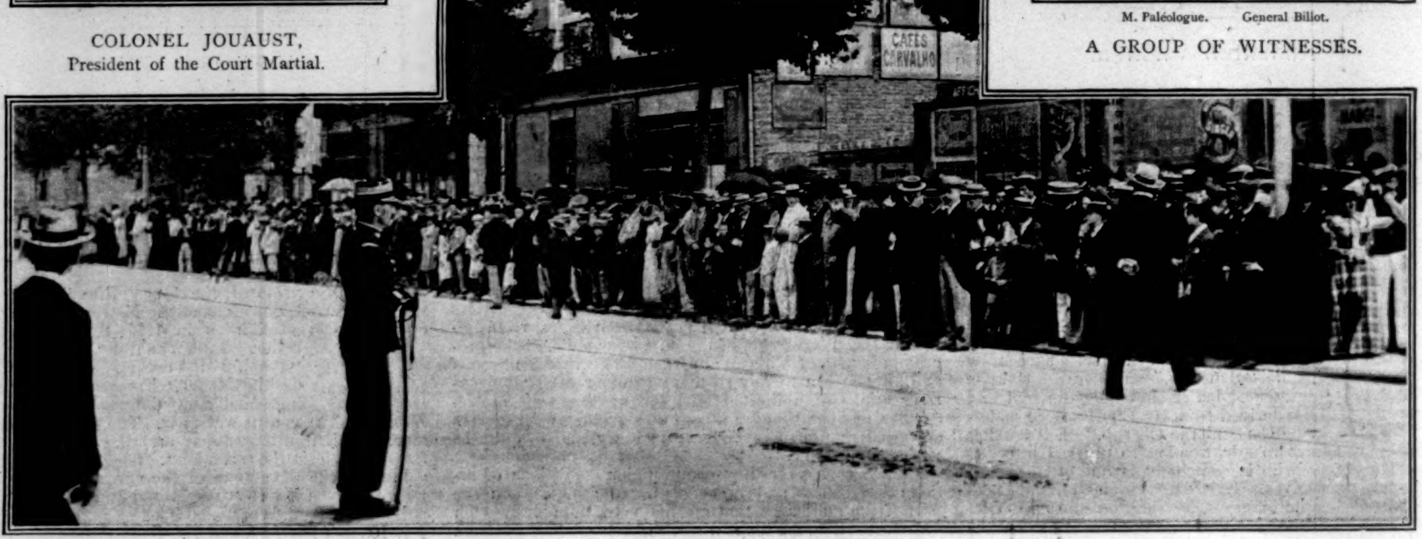
MISS MARION WEED
As *Freia* in "Rheingold."

COLONEL JOUAUST,
President of the Court Martial.

MADAME DREYFUS AND HER FATHER.

M. Paléologue. General Billot.

A GROUP OF WITNESSES.



CROWD IN FRONT OF THE LYCÉE.

THE DRAMA AT RENNES.

By Julian Ralph

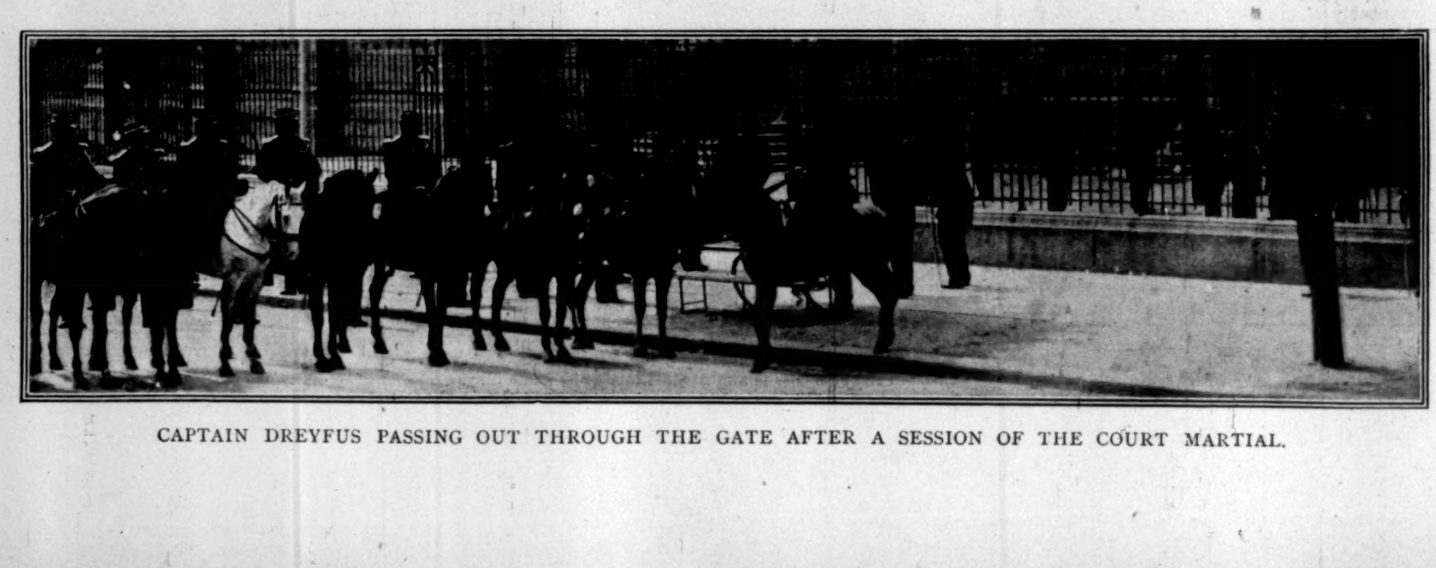
RENNES, *August 31.*

AFTER three weeks the atmosphere of the Dreyfus trial has begun to clear. Though the Anglo-Saxon mind cannot fathom or even clearly distinguish the forces at play behind all the smoke and fog, one begins to find himself able to look farther and farther into it. The trial began with the revival of the bordereau as the basis of the accusation against the prisoner, although the highest court in France had thrown that document out as spurious, or at least as not affecting Dreyfus. Upon this beginning, so altogether unreasonable to our minds, the court proceeded to call and listen to a number of witnesses who had very little else to offer than innuendo, personal opinion, partisan argument, and the attempted rehabilitation of proofs which the world at large believes to be infamous in their origin and worthless as weapons against the prisoner. The only solace a foreigner found in this strange proceeding was that if the witnesses for the prosecution could play the rôles of special pleaders, the same license would be given to the witnesses for Dreyfus, and thus the processes of the court would result in a balancing of unfairness, as bad (and as good) for one side as the other.

The generals came first—Mercier, Roget, Billot, Boisdeffre, Gonse—each acting as if the court was his creature, whose patience and credulity he could safely tax to what extent he pleased. Each one sat down, put himself at his ease, and delivered himself of testimony which had little more dignity than it got from the rank of the deponent. Then Maître Labori was shot down by the hand of a most cunning and discriminating anti-Dreyfusard, who well knew what a difference there would be between the trial with and the trial without the ablest cross-examiner in the land. Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart then did as the generals had all done—but for instead of against the cause of Dreyfus. For six hours he told the history of the case, and told it much as a man might explain a matter to his sons, or as a college professor might do before a class of students. His frank face, manly pose, and ultra-lucid speech, no less than his evident mastery of the case, through every phase of which he had lived, and for the right in which he had sacrificed a brilliant career, brought the court to pay close heed to him at the last, though his confidence, his professional manner, and perhaps the hatred with which the General Staff regards him, had at first annoyed them all. He was followed by Captain Cuignet, who, it must be admitted, made an almost equally favorable impression, though he supported his superiors.

The return of Maitre Labori, after eight days of confinement to his house, not only happened to mark the moment when argument began to give way to genuine evidence, but it also instantly aroused the "procès" from the torpor into which it had fallen, and turned the stage of the Rennes Lycée into a duelling-ground, upon which the champion of the prisoner engaged the leaders of the army, not merely one at a time, but, on one occasion, in a cluster of five eminent military chiefs together. The return of the stalwart and intrepid lawyer worked a marvellous and welcome change in the prisoner. Captain Dreyfus came to his conspicuous place on the platform before his judges with his head held higher than before, with a touch of color in his theretofore chalky face, and with such unwonted ease of mind that he was able to look around him in the court-room, and even to smile when he caught the eye of his redoubtable defender. Better yet, when he spoke, from this time on, he had something to say—something beyond mere denials and cries for pity. And in place of that fearful voice, like the note of a dumb animal in pain, with which he had at first torn the hearts of his friends and the ears of his foes, he now used a healthy, strong, full-bodied voice. At the same time, and at last, the scales began to move in the prisoner's favor. I mean that evidence of great force to the Anglo-Saxon mind began to be given—as well as evidence which bore heavily against Captain Dreyfus's enemies without bearing directly upon the question of his guilt. We heard M. Bertulus declare that his judicial investigation of the facts in the case left him no reason to regard the prisoner as guilty. We heard Captain Maurel, a member of the first court martial, assert that he had been satisfied of Captain Dreyfus's guilt by seeing one document—and that one the "Canaille de D——" letter, which did not refer to the prisoner. We heard General Mercier, by his own mouth and that of Captain Freystaetter, proved guilty of a series of grave misdemeanors, diverting the course of justice and contravening the laws of the army. We learned, in short, that the general exhibited to the first court martial a number of documents which the prisoner's counsel did not see or know of; that General Mercier destroyed one and kept others, the worthless character of which is beginning to be apparent even to the army, though they were then all-powerful.

Of at least secondary importance were the revelations which various officers made respecting the unpopularity of Captain Dreyfus at every stage of his career among all who worked with him. The reasons for this marked hostility to him did not affect his moral character so much as his manners and bent of mind. For the first time the public began to see why it may have been that the prisoner was chosen as the scapegoat for the sins of others, or was made the victim of the hatred of his associates—for we cannot yet say which of these has been his true relation to the other characters in the strange drama. We have all been convinced that Captain Dreyfus earned much of his unpopularity; and yet the sum of his offending seems to have been that he boasted of his quick brain and his wealth, his creature comforts and luxuries, and that he was forever seeking to gratify an all-devouring curiosity.



CAPTAIN DREYFUS PASSING OUT THROUGH THE GATE AFTER A SESSION OF THE COURT MARTIAL.

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatemuc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatemuc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH A DAUGHTER GRANTS A FATHER'S WISH.

LATE in the afternoon of a day in April, just one year before the date of the occurrences recorded in the foregoing chapters of this tale, Don Rodrigo de Aquilar, statesman, soldier, scholar, devout Catholic, sat at a curiously carved table in the library of his ancestral house in the street of Las Palmas, Seville. His gray hair and pointed beard, his keen dark eyes and lofty brow, the simple elegance of his attire and the artistic luxury of his surroundings, combined to form a striking picture in the half-lights of the waning day. Upon the table before him lay pompous tomes, quaint old manuscripts, and several crude maps and charts.

Copies of the letters of Menendez to Philip II. of Spain, made by Don Rodrigo in the archives of Seville; a transcript of the bull "by the authority whereof Pope Alexander, the sixth of that name, gave and granted to the kings of Castile and their successors the regions and islands found in the west ocean sea by the navigations of the Spaniards"; a reproduction of a map of the Western world, dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney by Michael Lok; a volume entitled *Hakluyt's Divers Voyages*, hot with hatred of the Spanish; and other misleading data concerning a misunderstood continent—confronted the Castilian aristocrat, and by their united efforts cast upon him a spell which had brought to his thin cheeks a hectic flush, and to his haughty lips lines of determination.

It was, however, with a much later manuscript than any of those above mentioned that Don Rodrigo was engaged at the moment of which we write. Bending eagerly forward from a quaintly cut high-backed chair, the aged Spaniard was scanning attentively a parchment, upon which a recent explorer, with artistic tendencies, had inscribed a pictorial outline of his discoveries. Ports, harbors, islands, and rivers competed for the attention of the observer with rudely outlined birds, beasts, and fishes. Indians feasting and dancing, Indians flogged by priests, Indians burning alive for heresy, gave grim testimony to the fact that the eccentric cartographer had witnessed sympathetically the saving of souls in the New World.

It was not upon these, however, nor upon the chameleon with two legs confronting a bat-winged griffin having the tail of an alligator—a weird product, according to the map-maker, of Mexico—that Don Rodrigo de Aquilar was squandering the retreating light of day. His eyes and mind rested upon a sketch representing a group of Indians working silver-mines.

"Methinks, Juan, the venture's worth the risk. Were it not for Doña Julia, I'd slip my anchor of old age and sail across the sea. I have no mind to place the King's gift in an agent's hands, to let him rob the Mexicans and me."

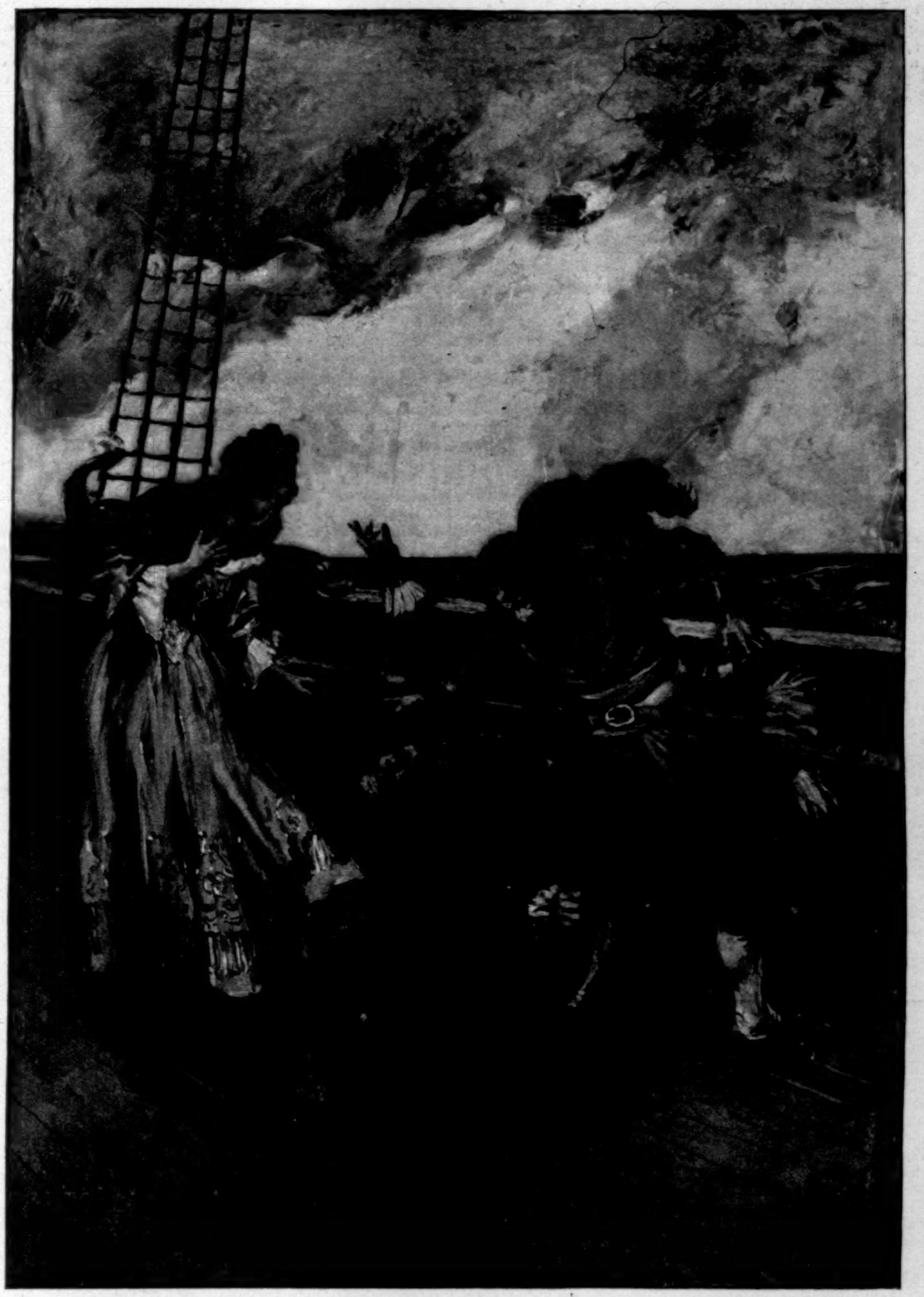
Don Rodrigo had leaned back in his chair, and was gazing across the disordered table at a pale, dark-eyed youth, attired in black velvet, whose thin nervous hand had been making a copy of letters-patent from Charles of Spain to his Majesty's "dear beloved son in Christ, Don Rodrigo de Aquilar." Juan Rodriquez, secretary to Don Rodrigo, was a lineal descendant of a *marinero* of Seville, who had returned safely to his native city after circumnavigating the globe with Magellan. Of this same *marinero* it had been written that he was "energetic, courageous, but marvellous unprincipled."

"I have heard Doña Julia say, señor," remarked Juan, in a softly modulated voice—"I have heard her say, within the last few days, that she would be glad to see those strange lands over sea, where palaces are made of gold, and pearls grow upon the trees."

A grim smile played across the haughty countenance of the old statesman.

"An idle whim begot of idle tales, young man! But were I sure that sufferings and danger would not beset our ship, I'd take the girl and look upon my grant before I die. 'Twill be her heritage at last. But, look you, Juan! These blind cartographers have dealt in fancies tempting men to death. Somewhere beneath the soil of yonder fatal land lie my two sons—and in my death a famous name must die. And I am old. They'd say at court, should I set sail from here, that his Majesty's rich gifts had made me mad at last."

There was silence at the table for a time. Don Rodrigo reclined in his chair and watched the changing lights and shadows of the waning day as they emphasized the sombre beauty of the room. Presently he said:



"... THE CAPTAIN HURLED HIM DOWN UPON THE DECK."*

"You've made the footings, Juan? A hundred thousand ducats will cover everything?"

"And leave a handsome margin, señor," answered the secretary, referring to a parchment, upon which daintily executed rows of figures had been inscribed. "As times go, señor, the vessel costs you but a song."

Don Rodrigo eyed Juan Rodriquez searchingly. His secretary's apparent eagerness for the venture mystified him. Diplomatist, educated in a crafty school, the old Spaniard had never lost sight of the advantages to be gained at times by frank directness.

"You are urging me to take this step, Juan. Let me ask you why?"

The pale face of the youth had turned yellow in the twilight. His dark, shifty eyes refused to meet his master's insistent gaze. His thin hand drummed nervously on the dry, rattling parchment in front of him as he said, with an attempt at candor which did not ring true:

"I believe, señor, that it would be well for Doña Julia and for you to leave Seville for a time. She mourns Don Josef—does she not? And you, Don Rodrigo, have won a triumph in diplomacy that frees you for a while from public life. The voyage now is not so fraught with danger as of old, nor is there peril when you reach New Spain. More than one fair lady of Seville has been across and back for love of Mother-Church. And, as I said, the marvels of the sea might serve to turn your daughter's mind from thoughts of her betrothed."

Don Rodrigo gazed earnestly at the eager face of his secretary.

"You believe, then, Juan, that Doña Julia's heart was broken when Don Josef fell, run through by the Frenchman's sword? You think she loved him?"

"Nay, señor, such thoughts are not for me," answered Juan, in a voice that resembled the purring of a cat. "But this I see—that since you returned from France her eyes are heavy and her cheeks are pale. The songs she used to sing we hear no more. She's fading like a flower which craves the sun. Give her, señor, new aims, new scenes, the splendors of the sea, the marvels of New Spain, and once again her eyes and smile will be as sunny as they were of old."

"You're wise beyond your years, young man," remarked the old diplomat, playfully. "Mayhap, my Juan, you know a charm to make me young again. Or perhaps you can find the island of Bimini and the fountain of eternal youth which bold de Leon sought. But hark! I hear her step. We'll lay the venture, in all its bare simplicity, before her, and do as she decides."

As Don Rodrigo ceased speaking there entered the library a dark-haired, large-eyed, graceful girl, who glided from the shadows of the twilight toward the centre of the room, and stood motionless at the lower end of the long table. A belated sunbeam, stealing through the distant window, for a moment caressed her face, upon which a sad smile rested as her eyes met her father's.

"You disobey his Majesty's behest, Don Rodrigo de Aquilar," she exclaimed, playfully, pointing toward the books and maps before her. "Did not the King command you to take a well-earned rest, my father?"

"But his Majesty has never ordered me to sit here and die," remarked Don Rodrigo, emphatically. "Be seated, Julia. You come to us at a most opportune moment. For my services in France his Majesty has granted me fair lands across the sea. Mines rich in silver belong to me by virtue of this seal. The question is, my daughter, will you go with me to view my province in New Spain?"

Juan Rodriquez, who had arisen upon Doña Julia's entrance, stood watching the girl with stealthy eyes, in which there gleamed a light not there before. There was silence in the room for a moment. Then Julia, looking Don Rodrigo fearlessly in the face, said:

"I will go with you gladly, father. Seville has stifled me. But place no faith upon my changing whims. If we're to go, then let us sail at once."

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH JUAN RODRIQUEZ UNDERGOES AN UNPLEASANT HALF-HOUR.

IN the year 1681 the fickle Guadalquivir still pursued a liberal policy toward Seville, and vouchsafed sufficient water to that port to enable sea-going vessels to begin or end their voyages within sight of the Alcazar. Later on, the Spanish sailors were forced, by the treachery of the famous river, to abandon Seville, and betake themselves to Cadiz for an ocean harborage.

At the time, however, at which Don Rodrigo de Aquilar fitted out the *Concepcion*—a high-pooped vessel of ninety tons burden—for his voyage to the silver-mines bestowed upon him by Charles II. of Spain, the harbor at Seville enabled the aged diplomat to equip his ship without leaving his library. By giving his orders to his secretary, Juan Rodriquez, who carried them to Gomez Hernandez, captain of the *Concepcion*, Don Rodrigo was relieved of the friction which in those days frequently soured an adventurer's disposition even before he had put to sea

The necessity for haste, lest the veering winds of Doña Julia's fickle fancy should at the last moment balk her father's enterprise, had been impressed upon Juan Rodriquez, who needed no hint from Don Rodrigo to make him a gadfly to the captain of the *Concepcion*. Long before he weighed anchor, Gomez Hernandez had sworn by his favorite saint that if the opportunity ever came to him to put the white-faced, soft-voiced secretary into irons, he would show him no pity. That the perilous voyage before them might furnish him with the means for punishing Juan's insolence the captain knew well. Let the *Concepcion* toss the Canaries well astern, and for many weeks Gomez Hernandez would be autocrat in a little kingdom of his own.

Doña Julia's cabin was, as it were, the hawser which held the clumsy little ship to her moorings. A stuffy room betweendecks, it seemed cruel to ask a maiden used to the luxury of Seville, Madrid, and Paris to spend weeks within its irritating confines. Don Rodrigo had devoted great energy and ingenuity to the task of making his daughter's quarters aboard ship less repulsive than they had at first seemed. Rugs from the Orient, a hammock made of padded silk, jars of sweetmeats from Turkey, a priceless oil-painting of the Virgin Mary, and other quaintly contrasted offshoots of a fond father's anxious care combined to make Doña Julia's cabin a compartment whose luxury was ludicrous and whose discomfort was pathetic.

Had Don Rodrigo de Aquilar better understood the peculiarities of his daughter's disposition, he would have spent less time in making of her cabin a mediæval curiosity-shop, and would have weighed anchor a week sooner than he did—thus gaining a span of time which would have begotten across the sea a radical difference in the outcome of his expedition. Something of this found its way into the mind of the aged Spaniard after the *Concepcion* had cleared the mouth of the Guadalquivir and was standing out to sea. Beside him upon the poop-deck stood Julia, her dark eyes gleaming with excitement as they swept the tumbling sea, or glanced upward at the bulging sails which drove the awkward craft haltingly across the deep. She had paid little or no attention to the cabin which had taxed Don Rodrigo's ingenuity, Juan's patience, and Captain Hernandez's temper for a month; but the flush in her cheeks and the smile upon her lips, as she watched the waters sweeping the Old World away from her, gladdened her father's heart as he scanned her changing face.

"The sea is kind to us. See yonder rainbow 'gainst the purple east! An omen such as that is worth a candle to St. Christopher."

The soft, insistent voice of Juan Rodriquez broke in upon the musings of the grandee and his daughter.

"'Tis not so strange the saints should wish us well," remarked Don Rodrigo, removing a black velvet cap from his head to let the sea-wind play with his white locks. "We go to serve the work of Mother-Church. To tell the heathen of Mary and her Son, to raise the cross where blood-soaked idols stand, to fight the devil with the Book and prayer."

"And, then—to work the mines," put in Juan, gently.

Doña Julia turned quickly and flashed an angry glance at the soft-tongued secretary. She had noticed, with annoyance, a change in Juan's manner since the ship had steered for the open sea. In a way that defied explanation in words, the young man had carried himself for the past few hours as if, upon the deck of a ship, he had found himself upon an equality with his master. There was an elusive sarcasm in his words at times, a defiant gleam in his restless eyes, a mocking note in his voice, which the girl noted with an inexplicable feeling of foreboding.

"Aye—to work the mines," repeated Don Rodrigo, unsuspiciously. "Why not? 'Tis nigh two centuries since treasures from New Spain came over sea. And for their paltry gold we've given them the cross. For every ducat gained by Spain a soul's been won for heaven. Harsh measures with the stubborn—these of course. 'Tis thus the Church must win its way on earth. The fight is not yet done. Upon the border of the lands I own the good Dominicans have built a mission-house. On you, my daughter, will devolve the task to raise a great cathedral where the friars dwell. I'll dig the silver from the ground for you, and mayhap from my place in paradise the saints will give me eyes to see the glory of your deeds. May Mother Mary will it so!"

The old man's eyes were upturned in fervor toward the changing glories of the evening sky. The excitement of the embarkation, the enlivening influence of the stiff salt breeze, and the mysterious promises held out to him by that seductive West toward which his vessel plunged had stirred the blood in the aged Spaniard's veins, and emphasized at the same moment both his religious enthusiasm and his earthly ambitions.

Doña Julia was on the point of commenting upon her father's words, when there sprang to the deck from below a slender, active man, who ashore would have looked like a sailor, but aboard ship resembled a soldier. Gomez Hernandez, captain of the *Concepcion*, was the very incarnation of that dauntless spirit which had, within the lapse of two centuries, carried the arms of Castile and Aragon to the farthest quarters of an astonished globe. Bright, dark eyes, a cruel mouth, a small, agile, muscular frame, and a manner proud or cringing as occasion dictated, combined to make of Gomez Hernandez a typical Spanish seaman of the seventeenth century. Saluting Don Rodrigo de Aquilar respectfully, the captain said:

"May I trouble you, señor, to join me in my cabin for a while? I have matters to lay before you which brook no delay."

Hernandez's words were addressed to the diplomat, but his piercing eyes rested as he spoke upon the face of Juan Rodriquez. The secretary, even paler than was his wont, gazed across the sea toward the horizon, from which the shades of night had begun to creep.

"Await me here, Julia," said Don Rodrigo, cheerfully, turning to follow the captain to the lower deck. "I will return to you at once. Lead on, my captain. You'll find I am not mutinous, no matter what you ask."

In another moment Doña Julia and Juan Rodriquez stood alone upon the poop. The secretary turned from his contemplation of the sea, and his restless eyes fell full upon the disturbed face of the girl—a face of marvellous beauty in the half-lights of the fading day. There was silence between them for a time. The creaking of timbers, the complaining of the cordage, the angry splash of the disturbed sea, and from the bow the subdued notes of an evening hymn, sung by devout sailors, reached their ears.

"Señora," said Juan, moving toward Doña Julia, "I have much to say to you—and there is little time. If my words to you should seem abrupt, the blame lies with my tongue, not with my heart. If that could speak, you'd find me eloquent indeed. I—"

With an imperious gesture, Doña Julia checked his speech. Her symmetrical, somewhat voluptuous, mouth was curved at that moment in a smile of disdain.

"Spare me—and spare yourself, Juan Rodriquez," she said, coldly, turning her back to the sea and facing squarely the youth, whose eyes met hers with a glance of crafty defiance not unmingled with an admiration that filled her with loathing. "You say more only at your peril. I'll forgive you your presumption—once. But take good heed of what I say. If you address me in such words again, it shall go hard with you."

A grayish pallor overspread Juan's face in the twilight. A cruel smile played across his thin lips, and his hand grasped a railing at his side as if it would crush the stubborn wood.

"You threaten me, Doña Julia de Aquilar," he murmured, showing his teeth in an evil smile. "You know not what you do. See how our ship is driving toward the murky blackness of the west! Think you I shall be powerless beyond? I say to you, señora, that you, your father, and all you hold most dear are in the grasp of Juan Rodriquez—your servant in Seville, your master in New Spain."

He had seized the girl's wrist, and was gazing into her white face with vindictive, hungry eyes. She wrenched her arm free from his repellent grasp, and drawing herself up to her full height, gazed haughtily at the boastful youth.

"What mad fancies there may be in your mind, Juan Rodriquez, I cannot guess. But this I know: if I should breathe a word of what you've said into my father's ears, you'd lie a prisoner between the decks. And he shall know of this, unless you swear to me to leave me to myself, to speak no word to me, to keep your eyes turned from my face, my name from your lips."

The threatening smile upon Juan's mobile face had changed to a spiteful grin while the girl was speaking.

"Your love for Don Rodrigo would be weak indeed should you, señora, speak a word of this. I tell you, Doña Julia, your father's in my grasp. I'll show him mercy—but I make my terms with you. 'Tis no mad fancy, nor an idle boast," went on Juan, making a significant gesture toward the slashed velvet upon his breast, "which you have heard from me. I know my power. If you are wise, you'll take my word for this."

There was a calm, convincing note in Juan's voice that froze the rising anger in Doña Julia's veins. She knew the crafty nature of the man too well to believe that he would thus threaten her unless he had gained possession of some weapon for the working of great mischief. In mute dismay she stood for a moment gazing helplessly at the gray, grim waters, which seemed to yawn in hunger for the tossing ship. Suddenly she felt an arm around her waist, and turning quickly, found the flushed face of the youth pressed close to hers. An exclamation of mingled disgust, anger, and fear escaped her.

At that instant the strong, nervous hand of Gomez Hernandez seized Juan Rodriquez by the neck. With an ease which his slight figure rendered marvellous, the captain twisted the youth like a plaything in his grasp, and then hurled him, full length, down upon the deck.

"I crave your pardon, señora," said Hernandez, with cool politeness, bowing low to Doña Julia, "but Don Rodrigo requests your presence in his cabin."

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH JUAN RODRIQUEZ TAKES HIS REVENGE.

THE voyage of the *Concepcion*, thus inauspiciously begun, continued with fair weather upon the sea and squalls threatening aboard the ship. Doña Julia spent much time in her oddly equipped cabin; Don Rodrigo, impatient of delay, fretted at the tedium of the passage, and paced the poop restlessly for hours at a time. Between Juan Rodriquez and Captain Hernandez a sullen truce was maintained for several weeks succeeding the incident recorded at the end of the foregoing chapter. But Juan had neither forgotten nor forgiven the insult which he had received at the hands of the relentless navigator. He awaited, with the patience of a crafty schemer, an opportunity to avenge himself upon the man who had turned his melodramatic declaration of love into an undignified farce.

A Carmelite friar, who had begged passage to Hispaniola from Don Rodrigo, discovered, after a time, a radical change in the disposition manifested by the heterogeneous crew toward his white frock and all that it represented. In so far as the discipline of Captain Hernandez permitted open grumbling, the sailors grew outspoken in their protests. The good priest, who had found the crew devoted to their beads at the outset of the voyage, was unable, as the weeks went by, to persuade the sailors to put their grievance into words. Nor was he able to keep them at their prayers or to lead their voices in quaint old Latin hymns. There was in the ship a mysterious, elusive influence which had convinced the impressionable, superstitious seamen that the vessel was accursed, and that somebody aboard ship, being in league with Satan, was able to nullify the effects of their religious observances. Thus it was that the sweet-faced Carmelite labored in vain to restore before the mast the devout atmosphere which had prevailed among the crew while the coast of Spain still lay but a few miles astern.

Matters grew worse aboard the *Concepcion* after the white friar had been put ashore at the Indies and the clumsy vessel had begun to beat up the Gulf of Mexico against baffling head-winds. The sailors whispered to each other that the desertion of the Carmelite had left the Prince of Darkness in full control of the ship. To a crew composed in large part of Spanish desperadoes, with a sprinkling of Portuguese cutthroats, it was not easy to restore an atmosphere of religious fervor after it had once been destroyed by evil tongues. Experienced as he was in the fickleness of the half-savage sailors who in those adventurous days manned the omnipresent ships of Spain, Captain Hernandez witnessed with grave concern the gradual abandonment by his crew of its religious attitude, and the increasing tendency of the sailors to imply, either by word or manner, that Mary and the saints had abandoned the ship to a cruel fate.

To Julia de Aquilar the voyage had become a seemingly interminable imprisonment. The elation which she had felt at the outset of the cruise had never returned to her after the depressing episode which had aroused in Juan Rodriquez a deadly hatred for the captain of the ship. The girl had caught the gleam of murder in the secretary's eyes as he lay outstretched upon the deck, gazing upward at Gomez Hernandez, and in her cabin, as she tossed restlessly in her hammock, her mind grew sick with a foreboding which waxed more insistent as the weary days and nights crept by. Now and then she would climb the clumsy ladder to walk the deck for a while, but the dread of finding herself again alone with Juan Rodriquez made her shy of this diversion. Don Rodrigo, whose spirits rose higher the nearer the ship approached the land in which his silver lay concealed, would enter her stuffy cabin—a hole betweendecks hardly worthy of the name—to rally her upon her indifference to the splendors of the sea and the polychromatic beauties of the islands on their bow. Upon her father's departure the tears, held back while he was by her side, would dim the lustre of her splendid eyes, and her white, slender hands would rise in supplication to the smiling Virgin who looked down upon her from the slanting wooden wall above her head.

Why had she, to whom the Old World offered all its sweetest gifts, become a voluntary exile, a hopeless maiden weeping in a corner of a vagrant ship? Ever with her through those weary weeks this question craved an answer. Ever from the past arose the gorgeous pictures of her former life—a life of courtly splendor where the world was gay. In the dark watches of the night Doña Julia de Aquilar, half dozing, half awake, would tread again the stately mazes of a centra-dance or smile demurely upon a powdered and bejewelled cavalier. She would hear again the merry, mocking voices of Versailles or the stately tones of Spanish gentlemen. Suddenly the lurching of the ship would rouse her from her waking dream, and putting up a hand as if defying fate, she would touch the wooden walls of her voluntary cell—walls that seemed to be bearing down upon her with the weight of worlds, crushing out the color from her cheeks, the light from her eyes, the joy of youth from her rebellious soul.

But, waking or sleeping, one face was always gazing at her from the past—a face which seemed to laugh in courteous derision at her plight. "I slew Don Josef, your betrothed," the haunting vision seemed to say, while upon the clear-cut countenance which memory photographed the girl could see the gay and mocking smile of one who knew the world too well. Her betrothed? Though dead, she hated him. Caprice and vanity had forged for her the chains that had made her, at Versailles, a captive, longing to be free. And when her freedom came, when the sword of him whose vibrant voice she could hear above the creaking and groaning of the ship had severed forever the bonds which tied her to an unloved man, her liberty was nothing worth, taking its revenge upon her for her former negligence by coming back too late. She had learned, through the gossip of a chattering court, that he who had cut down her betrothed had fled across the sea. Never again would she look upon de Sancerre's face, nor hear a voice which, while it mocked at love, had thrilled her heart of hearts. The years in passing would leave to her a memory, and nothing more.

What mattered it, then, whether she passed her weary span of life in the city of Seville or in the strange environment toward which the ship plunged on? In either case the romance of her youth was dead. That the strange chances of existence would ever bring Louis de Sancerre again to her side, Julia de Aquilar never dreamed. Even in the prayers that she offered day and night to the Virgin Mother above her head she had never voiced a longing which, put into words, would have sounded to her ears like the incipient ravings of insanity. Her betrothed and the man whom she had begun to love had both passed from her life at the same moment, and through the gloom of night there came to Doña Julia no ray of hope save from the gentle radiance of Mother-Church. The veil, and its promise of perfect peace, grew constantly more alluring to her distraught soul, as week crept into week, and the very timbers of the ship cried ever louder against the cruel persistence of the lonely sea.

From a dreamless sleep—a rare blessing vouchsafed by Mother Mary—Doña Julia awoke one night with a start, and sat upright in her hammock, peering into the darkness with straining eyes. What had disturbed her slumber she did not at first know. But above her head echoed the shuffling sounds of hurrying feet and the flapping of canvas as the ship came about in a stiff breeze. Leaping down from her hammock, and throwing a long black cape over her shoulders, she groped her way to the entrance to her cabin and threw open the clumsy door. A swinging lantern lighted the hatchway, and, almost before her eyes had grown accustomed to the sudden glare, above her head sounded the grewsome cry of "Man overboard!"

At that instant down the ladder in front of the trembling girl crept the slinking figure of Juan Rodriquez. For a fleeting moment Doña Julia caught a glimpse of the youth's pallid face, upon which there rested an evil smile, made up of fear, cruelty, and triumph. Believing himself unobserved, Juan stood for a moment at the foot of the ladder, looking upward toward the deck, and listening intently to the uproar above his head. Then, with a subdued chuckle, which sent a chill to the motionless girl, he stole into the shadows toward his berth amidships.

The harsh cries of the panic-stricken sailors filled the night with a horrid din. The Spanish maiden, undecided whether to climb to the deck or to return to her hammock, crossed herself devoutly and murmured a prayer to St. Christopher, who watches over seamen and protects the faithful from night alarms. The mischievous lantern, vibrating wildly as the ship took the seas broadside on, threw lights and shadows across the disturbed face of the girl, and seemed to rejoice at its chance to add to the uncanny features of her surroundings.

The turmoil on the deck decreased as the moments passed, but Doña Julia still stood waiting, listening, praying—chafing at inaction, but distrustful of the night beyond the hatchway. To her, thus agitated, came her father down the ladder, his worn figure bent, as if it carried a great burden. He turned and faced her, and as the playful lantern swung toward them she saw that his face was ghastly pale, and that his thin hand trembled as he wiped the sea-spray from his furrowed brow.

"What is it, father?" asked the girl, springing toward Don Rodrigo, and placing both hands upon his shoulders as she peered into his white face.

"Captain Hernandez," muttered the old man, in a voice that told the story of his despair, "he fell into the sea. None saw him in the blackness of the night, but far astern the helmsman heard a cry, and that was all. God rest his soul!" he groaned, crossing himself. "It will go hard with us, I fear."

"But, father—Mother Mary, pray for him!—the voyage nears its end. Captain Hernandez—the saints receive him!—had with him men who know these seas?"

"I trust them not," murmured the old man wearily. Then, as if he regretted the admission he had made, he bent and kissed the anxious face of his daughter, and said, with an effort at cheerfulness: "But fear not, Julia. All will yet be well. I've vowed an altar to St. James of Compostella, whose blessing rests on pilgrims of the faith. The sailors seem nigh mad with fear. They say that Satan is aboard the ship."

"Alas, I think he is!" murmured Julia to herself, as she returned to her cabin and threw herself despondently upon her swinging bed. That she had solved by chance the awful secret of the captain's death she could not for a moment doubt.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH SATAN HAS HIS WAY WITH THE "CONCEPCION."

DAWN crept sullenly across the heaving bosom of the Gulf, as if disaffected by the night's dark deed. The sun gazed for a moment upon a ship accursed, then hid its light behind black, evil-looking clouds. From the east and south came winds that smote the sea and dug deep valleys in the briny waste. Then, where the valleys gaped, great hills of water rose and wet the air, and chased each other toward the wind-made chasms just beyond. Losing their temper in their wild career, the boisterous blasts let forth an angry roar and lashed the waters viciously. Before the dawn could take the name of day, a mighty battle raged between the gale and Gulf.

The command of the *Concepcion* had fallen to Miquel Sanchez, a veteran seaman, but unskilled in the nicer points of navigation. Knowing the treacherous nature of the waters through which his ship was reeling, uncertain of his course, and depending for aid upon a sullen, superstitious crew already persuaded that the vessel had been doomed to destruction, the outlook seemed menacing, wellnigh hopeless, to the new master of the *Concepcion*, as he paced his narrow deck at dawn and hoarsely shouted orders for the taking in of sail. The ship, showing her keel to the yawning chasms in the sea, rushed affrighted under bare poles through the welter toward the west. As the storm increased in fury, the panic of the crew grew less controllable. Even the helmsman strove to tell his beads when the eyes of Sanchez turned to scan the sky, and, broken by the howling blasts, the noise of prayers and curses echoed from the decks. The desperate sailors knew the sea too well to hug the hope that such a ship as theirs could foil the fury of the storm. Had not a priest deserted them? Had not their captain perished in the waves? Who doubted Satan's presence on the ship would be too dull to die!

Don Rodrigo de Aquilar had made his way with much effort to Doña Julia's cabin, and had found her on her knees before the painting of the Virgin, praying for a miracle that should snatch the vessel from its certain doom. The girl's face, above which raven-black locks were coiled in picturesque disorder, was white from the imminence of their peril, while her soft dark eyes gleamed with the fervor of her supplication. As she arose to greet her father, the hand which she slipped into his was cold, but trembled not. If the fear of death lurked in her heart, it was only by the pallor of her cheek its presence could be known. Her eyes were steady and her lips were firm, as she stood there reading her father's haggard face to find, if so the saints decreed, a gleam of hope to cheer her soul.

"God's mercy on us all!" muttered the old Spaniard, pressing his daughter's hand to his breast. "This Sanchez is as stubborn as a Moor! He will not change his helm! I am no seaman, but I've sat with poor Hernandez many an hour and conned the chart of this same sea we sail. But yesternoon he made a reckoning. If the sun spake sooth, upon the course we hold we'll dash to pieces 'gainst a curving coast. I told this sullen Sanchez what I knew, but, though he crossed himself, he gave no heed to me."

Doña Julia's arm, showing white as marble against the black cloak hanging from his shoulders, was thrown around her father's neck. Kissing his pallid cheek, she said:

"I have no love of life, no fear of death! To die with you, my father—will it be so hard?"

"To die without confession—that is hard!" exclaimed Don Rodrigo, despondently. "I begged the Carmelite to stay with us; but, still, he gave me absolution ere he left. And if I perish, 'tis for Mother-Church! But listen, Julia! I am old and worn. A few years more or less are little worth. But you are young. You must not die, my child! If I had lured you to an ocean grave, I'm sure my soul would find no peace in paradise."

Doña Julia had seated herself upon the edge of her uneasy hammock, and was looking down at her father, who had attempted to maintain an upright posture upon the treacherous surface of a sea-chest fastened by clamps to the cabin floor. Suddenly the old Spaniard arose and stumbled to the hatchway.

"Juan!" he cried, striving to cast his voice amidships in spite of the howling of the gale, the ominous thumping of the loosened ballast, the cries of frantic sailors, and the thunder of the seas as they pounded vengefully against the frail timbers of the ship. "Juan Rodriquez, come aft at once! Juan! Juan!"

A hand, cold as ice, was clapped upon the old man's white and trembling lips.

"Father, I implore you, do not summon him!" prayed Julia, striving to drag the aged Spaniard back into her cabin. "He cannot serve you now. For Mother Mary's sake, I beg of you to leave him to his prayers! He has sore need of them."

Her protest came too late. In the dim gray light of the hatchway the girl caught sight of a face which even in that awful hour wore an inscrutable, evil smile, as if the diabolical spirit of the storm had rejoiced the soul of Juan Rodriquez.

"We're driving fast, Juan, upon an unknown coast," said Don Rodrigo, coolly, a detaining arm thrown around his daughter's waist. "You're lithe and muscular, and come of fearless stock. I've seen you in the water at Seville." At this moment the increasing uproar aboardship compelled the old man to raise his thin voice to a shout. Drawing from his breast a package wrapped in oil-skin, he thrust it toward the outstretched hand of his secretary. "Here is my patent from the King of Spain. 'Twill serve as Julia's title to the mines—to the greater glory of our Mother-Church! And, for the sake of heathen souls beyond, your arm, my Juan, must save my daughter from these hungry seas. I say to you—"

"Father, as you love me, as you hope for paradise, put no trust in this man's loyalty! If you must die, I do not care to live. A thousand deaths were better than a life saved by a—"

At that instant a crash, as if the storm had served as usher to the crack of doom, drove the word she would have uttered back upon her tongue. Don Rodrigo's white head was turned to crimson by its impact with an iron-jointed beam, and plunging forward, he lay dead beside his daughter's feet. Doña Julia tottered forward a step or two, and then fell swooning into Juan's arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHIEF-OF-SCOUTS YOUNG.—*A Philippine Epic*

GENERAL LAWTON felt that it was necessary to send an apologetic telegram to General Otis, in Manila, for having captured the town of San Ildefonso, when his orders had been not to bring on an engagement with the enemy, but only to develop their position. Much to his surprise, he had to send another message of similar character within twenty-four hours; for San Miguel, where it was expected that the insurgent General Gregorio del Pilar would put up his greatest resistance, fell before the onslaught of seventeen scouts on May 13.

WILLIAM H. YOUNG.

Young was in charge of the seventeen, who were drawn from the Oregons, Minnesotas, and North Dakotas. They started at daylight from Colonel Summers's headquarters at San Ildefonso, supported by a company of the Second Oregons and one of the Thirteenth Minnesotas. The entire command was again under Captain Birkhimer, assisted by Captain Case.

Two and a half miles were covered before the scouts were deployed and the advance-guard of the two supporting companies thrown out in skirmish-line. The scouts seemed bent on a veritable foot-race, and the rear companies had great difficulty in keeping up with their advance. The remarkable capture of San Ildefonso the day before had given these reckless fellows a courage and a confidence in their own ability that would have carried them, yelling like demons, against a line of a thousand Filipinos, with the supreme assurance that any man among them was capable of putting to flight his hundred or capturing the entire lot.

A mile and a half out of San Miguel the scouts struggled through the high tasselled jungle-grass of the marsh, calling to one another now and then, as they almost lost the sense of direction in the tangled maze. A torpid creek meandered through the flat muddy ground, and the road made its crossing on a curious hunch-backed bridge, bearing aloft a great sign to the effect that here was the entrance to the barrio of San Miguel. We are nearing the scene of action, and every man begins to feel that strain upon the muscles which comes with the expectation of being fired upon from every canebrake and from every little rise of ground. It is an odd sensation, this moving forward, peering with anxious eyes into the distance before you for some moving human figure; this waiting for the crashing volley and the whir of the high-keyed bullets. When the tension becomes too great, our men open singly, then a few more, and then perhaps the whole line, on the thickets before them. It is a wonderful relief to the feelings to do a bit of shooting one's self.

It has come! The prolonged snarl of the Filipino army, snapping, biting, increasing in volume, until one is ready to declare that the enemy numbers thousands instead of a scant four hundred.

The scouts, a hundred yards apart, have disappeared as if swallowed up by the earth. One wonders if they were all killed at the first volley. No! As the fire slackens, a head slowly rises to the right; the eyes are looking straight forward, and the neck is slowly bent until the cheek is laid on the rifle-stock. One man rises to his knee to get greater elevation, and then the insurgents let loose a leaden torrent, and every man has disappeared again.

"Boys, I want you to move up twenty yards. Pass the word along the line." It is Young's stentorian voice giving the command. "Come on now," and the line of men, so far apart, stand up and run forward and lie down.

The support and the reserve are far in the rear, marching steadily forward in an attempt to overtake the sprinting scouts. At a thousand yards the Mauser bullets intended for the evasive leaders come down on the reserve like a rain-storm. Everybody dodges, and some scatter; men always do a little dodging when they cannot see or locate the enemy.

"Oh! Oh! I've got it!" gasps a big Minnesotan, and he staggers in a little circle, and then lurches toward the rear.

"Say, fellows! Ericson's hit! Where's the hospital steward?" shouts somebody.

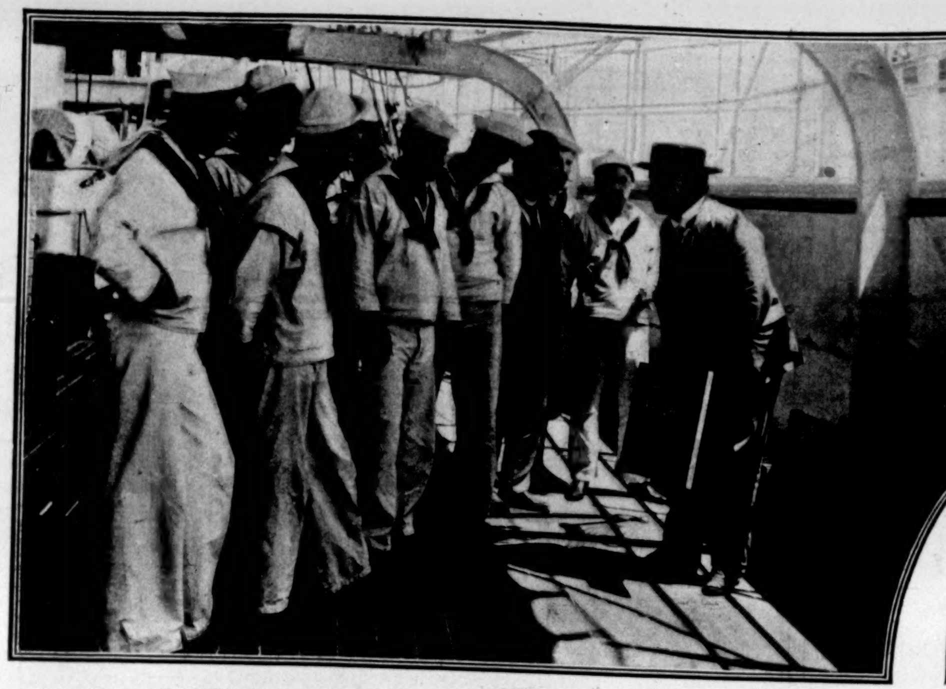
"Here I am! Lie down there, Ericson, or you'll fall!" the steward yells, as the wounded man reels blindly. He obeys, just as the litter, with its Chinese carriers, gets to him. "Take him back there in the ditch, Chinos. *Pronto* [quickly], Chinos, *pronto!*"

"Get ready to move up! The scouts have got 'em on the run," comes the command. "Take your interval! Steady there, men! Steady there! Don't fire; the scouts are in front of you," and the skirmish-line swings across the open fields, the captain of the company striding along on the left, with his slouch-hat pulled over his eyes, and swinging a looted silver-headed cane carelessly in his hand (the badge of civil office owned by some past Filipino alcalde, perhaps).

It is true enough; the scouts have broken the centre of a line of several hundred men, who outflanked far to the right and left, and the whole body of retreating insurgents are running like greyhounds over the last open field, trying to reach the cover of the buildings in the town. There stand our men, pumping their Krags like

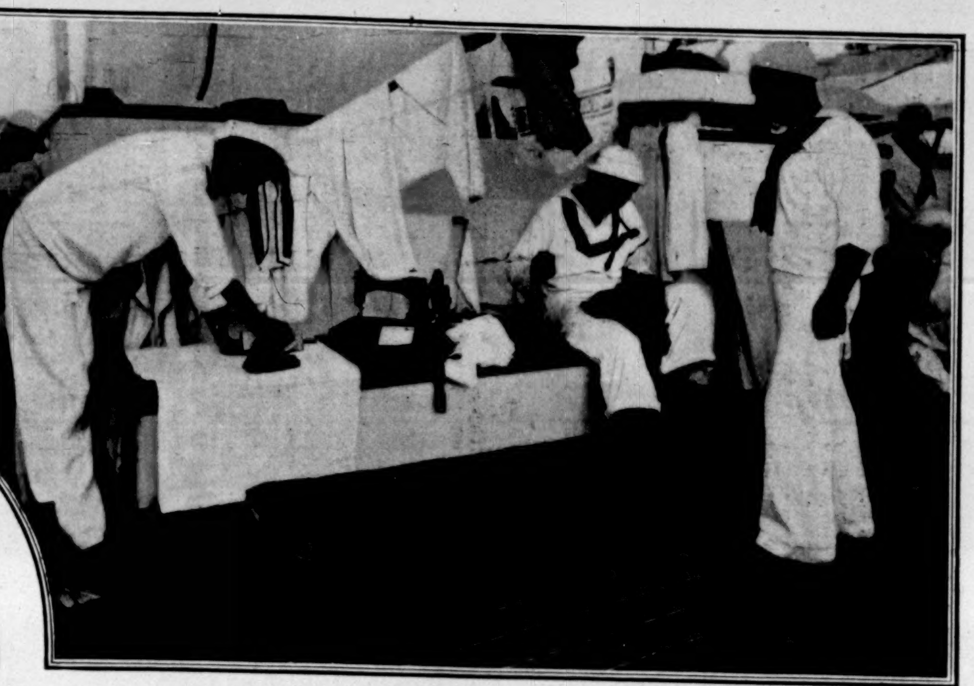
CHIEF-OF-SCOUTS YOUNG IN THE FIELD.

Photograph by William Dinwiddie, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."

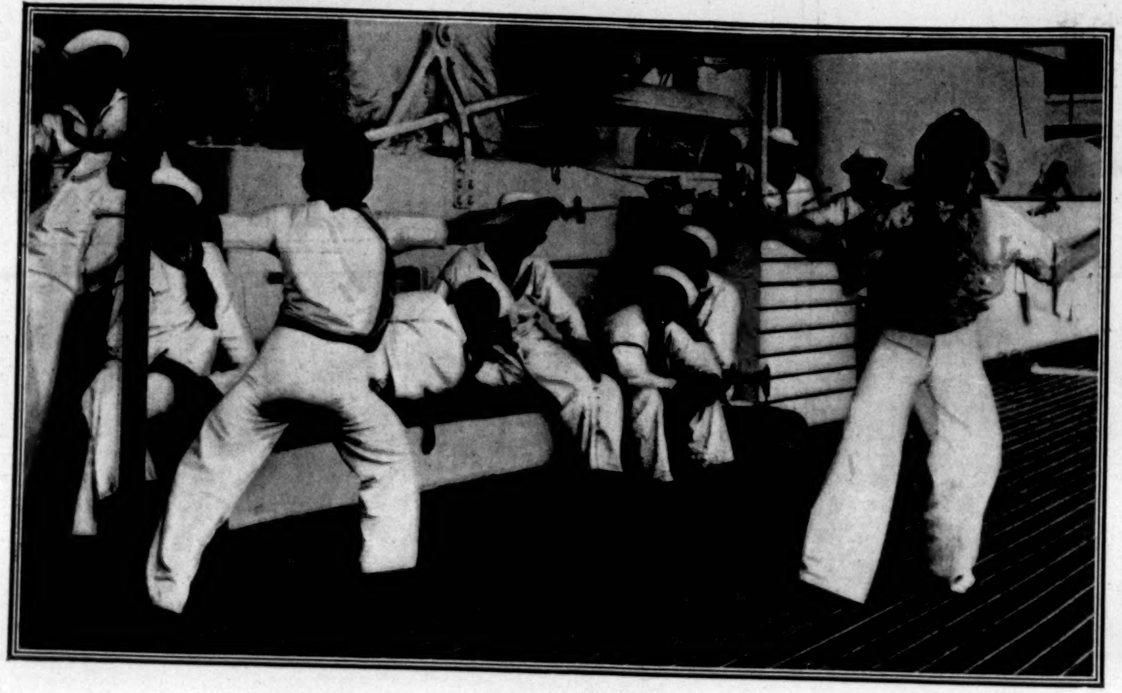


SELLING WORKS OF ART TO THE JACKIES.

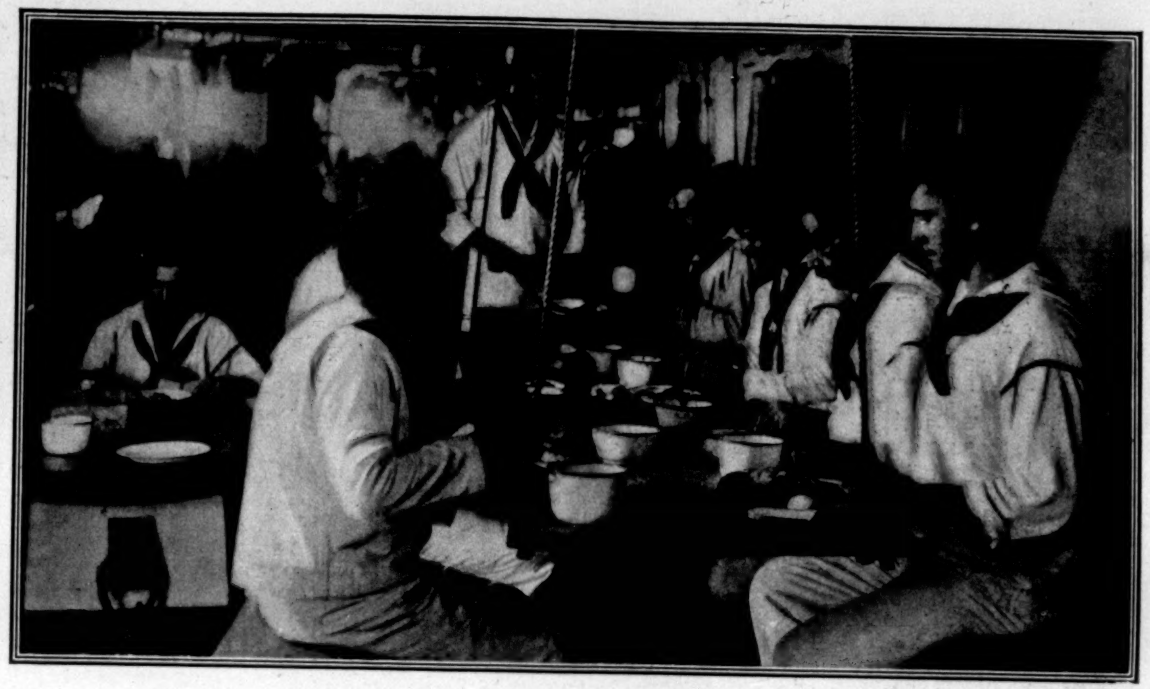
"BOB," ADMIRAL DEWEY'S CHOW DOG.



THE TAILOR SHOP.

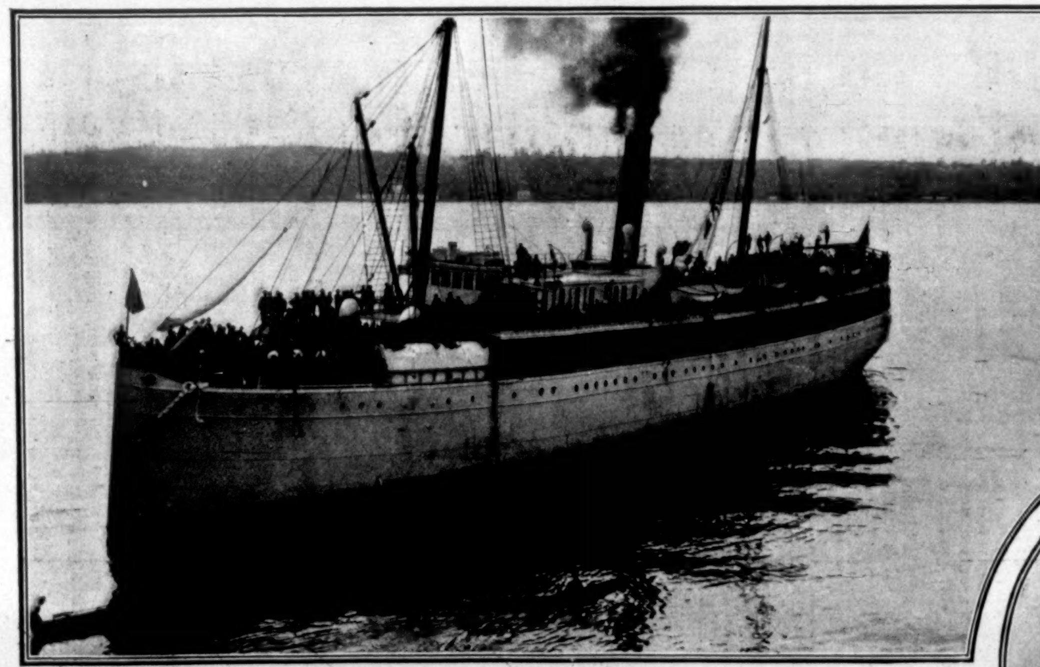


A FENCING BOUT.



MESS-GEAR.

HOMEWARD BOUND WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY—SCENES ABOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA."

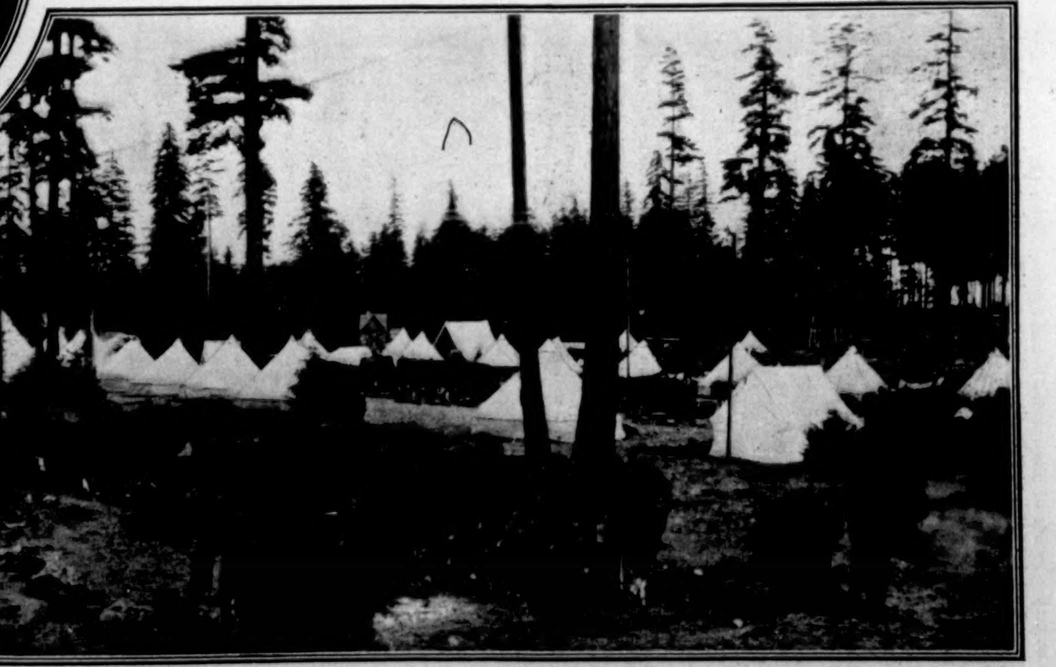


THE TRANSPORT "ST. PAUL" LEAVING SEATTLE.

COL. H. W. WESSELLS

WATERING HORSES IN GREEN LAKE, CAMP ROBINSON.

CLEANING SADDLES.



CAMP ROBINSON.

MOUNTED TROOPS FOR THE PHILIPPINES—EMBARKATION AT SEATTLE OF THE 3D UNITED STATES CAVALRY FOR MANILA.—[SEE PAGE 916.]

machines at little bunches of blue-cotton-clothed figures, who run, crouched forward, apparently seeking to hide behind one another in their terror. Some of them have nerve, however, for five turn, stop dead still, take aim, and fire together, afterward taking up their retreat.

"Kill the officer on horseback! There he goes—over there on the right by the bushes," and every man concentrates his fire on a Filipino lashing his horse into a dead run, and riding in the cover of a fence row as much as possible. "We've got him! We've got him!" several men yell simultaneously, as the horse pitches forward in one long somersault. The horse lies still, but the man wriggles out, and runs limping after his soldiers, who are disappearing in the town.

Over the last field the scouts run. "Don't give 'em a chance to stop in the town, boys! Carry 'em through!" Young calls, and in another three minutes only the crack! crack! crack! of the rifles in the town tell the story that the fight goes on. Captain Birkhimer and his orderly have stuck with the scouts throughout, and why they have not been shot to pieces is a mystery, for they are the only mounted men in the advance, and a fine target with their horses.

The support is moving in on the town, but the reserve does not know the country, and has received no orders, so they are still marching forward in column of twos. Captain Case, who has kept in touch with the scouts and the supporting company by riding through the zone of fire several times on horseback, comes galloping back through the deserted outer streets of the town—deserted, save by one scared family of Filipinos, who are flying a white flag from their open window—and orders the Minnesotans to move up along the road skirting a broad river which divides the city a little lower down.

The scouts, in their desperate hurry to capture the town, have not sent a man across this stream to feel whether the enemy does not lie there in force, ready to pour in a deadly cross-fire from the opposite bank. Single shots only, from sharpshooters, come over the water from the bamboo houses beyond, as the tramping men in single file pass the more open spots on the road.

A vanguard of the enemy holds the road commanding the narrow bridge, and three or four more intrepid spirits are firing from the loop-holed stone church tower at any scout who dares approach the opposite end of the causeway.

"Every one of you fellows keep away from that bridge! You'll get killed if you try to reach it! Keep under cover," cries Young.

He is right; it is a hot place, and any man or small body of men attempting to cross it is apt to be wiped out of existence. Then the approach is bad for a distance of forty feet on either side of the entrance—the road bare of houses—giving the enemy a capital chance to kill troops before they can get to the bridge.

"Wait a minute and I will see if I can't get to that stone post and look around. You men stay here," and, with the words, Young makes a rush for the only place of concealment, behind the corner pillar of the bridge railing. The road is cut up in little patches of dust, which leave gouges in its hard surface before and behind him, but he is untouched as he crouches behind the broad column. He peers from the side of the post a moment, and then brings his rifle slowly out and up. His aim is low and short, evidently at some insurgent head thrust out from a building in the street beyond.

Young had nine notches on his gun, each one representing a man killed and his gun captured—nothing else counted—and whether or not he might have added the tenth notch no one knows. He stepped out from behind his cover, and was struck fairly in the knee joint by a bullet from an insurgent Remington. The great handsome fellow, six feet four in height—the man with iron nerve and most marvellous daring, the man whom General Lawton admired for his commanding spirit and cold, calculating, unimpassioned bravery, which made him a natural leader—lay where he fell, with a leg so frightfully shattered that he could not move. The greater pity of it was that Young was a civilian, not a soldier. He had come to the Philippines in search of gold and fortune, and had been drawn into the vortex of war because, as he expressed it, "he couldn't keep out of the scrap." Into the new-old life he had thrust himself with keen relish, but the game was against him, and a hero paid the full penalty of war in death two days later.

Harrington, the silent man-hunter of the Oregons, who lived completely within himself, and who fought with the scouts always far in the lead of every one else, rushed out from cover to the assistance of Young, heedless of the raking bullets. "Go back, Harrington; you'll get killed here," pleaded Young. "I'm all right, old man! I'll take care of myself."

But Harrington heeded not, and, though a small man, he slowly carried the wounded giant back to the cover of the houses. There was much outward rivalry between these two men—the sort of rivalry which exists between comrades who are both desirous of winning a reputation for being fearless of death—but deep in their hearts there lay hidden the bond of mutual respect and admiration, though their lips often audibly formed the expressive words, "That damn fool will be killed yet."

Tears stood in Harrington's eyes as, kneeling, he unwound his first-aid dressing and tenderly bandaged the shattered limb. He only said, "I'm damn sorry, Young!" And the face, contorted with pain, cleared and faintly smiled as Young replied, "You're good stuff, Harrington." They grasped hands in their last hand-shake on earth, and a moment later Harrington and the scouts had charged across the bridge, and the handful of insurgents left behind were flying before them, some falling mortally wounded as they ran. Two days later Harrington lay dead on the open field near San Isidro and Young breathed his last in the hospital at Manila.

William Dinwiddie.

Cavalry for Manila

Seattle, *August 27.*

SOMETHING in the nature of an experiment is the shipment of eight troops of the Third Cavalry to the Philippines by way of Seattle, Dutch Harbor (Alaska), and Kobé (Japan). The regiment sailed from this city Friday, August 25, at 3.15 P.M., under command of Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Wessells, Jr., on the United States transport *St. Paul.* The total number of officers and men in the command was 1020, including the civilian employés with the regimental pack-train of 500 mules, which sailed on the transport *Port Albert.*

The experiment consists in this, that Seattle's facilities for the repair of ships and the outfitting and care of a large body of soldiers was an unknown quantity when the Secretary of War, about the middle of July, directed that eight troops of the Third Cavalry assemble at Seattle, and that the necessary transports be chartered to carry them to Manila to join Otis in the task of subduing Aguinaldo's Filipino bands. The Secretary's order was largely due to the persistent efforts of the Seattle business men, acting through the Seattle Chamber of Commerce.

By Saturday, August 19, the troops A, C, D, E, F, K, L, and M of the Third Cavalry had assembled at Camp Robinson, a splendid stretch of level ground within the corporate limits of Seattle.

The fleet of five transports included the following: *St. Paul,* bearing the commanding officer, regimental headquarters, and 730 men; *Athenian,* bearing 450 horses, and 100 men of various troops; *Garonne,* carrying 375 horses and 110 men; *Victoria,* carrying 400 horses and 70 men, in command of Lieutenant Johnston; *Port Albert,* with the regimental pack-train of 500 mules, 75 horses, and 50 civilian employés, commanded by "Bronco John" Sullivan, a noted scout and guide.

The transports will touch at Dutch Harbor, Alaska, where the horses will be discharged and allowed to feed and rest. They will land also at Kobé and Nagasaki, Japan, and are expected to reach Manila between October 10 and 15.

The Quartermaster's Department expects good results from the experiment. One advantage is the cooler weather in the passage by the northern route. A register of two voyages—one of October, the other in July—kept by the transport *Hancock* between Manila and San Francisco by way of Honolulu, showed the average temperature for the voyage in July to have been 74.3, and in October 89.7. A similar record kept by the Nippon-Yusen-Kaisha steamer *Riojun Maru* in August showed a mean temperature of 57 degrees.

Paul C. Hedrick.

TWO SMART AMERICANS.

By Julian Ralph

A SHORT time ago I received the letter of an American who proposed going around the world with his family, and who asked if there was any danger of his taking the plague just at present. To him I replied that he might make the tour very safely, because fewer than twenty white men have taken the disease, but that if he did not wish to have nearly half the world closed against him he had better avoid India. One has to be just as careful about the plague as if it were dangerous. It is like suspicion in the case of Cæsar's wife—like pitch in the certainty of its consequences. I replied to him on a postal card, reserving my full answer for this wider field because there is a good story in it, as well as a mountain of information. I call the story "Two Smart Americans," but that has something of the nature of a pun, and as all puns have two horns, I ask the reader to take the polite horn—as I have—and not think of the title as "Too Smart Americans," as it might sound if it were read very quickly.

Know then, O reader, that these Americans, having finished a mission in India, essayed to go home from Calcutta—a leper among cities, but a fair starting-point because by such a start one may see Colombo, which is a port of Ceylon, and the seat of a syndicate which knows how to advertise tea in such a way as to give the Japanese tea trade what the redoubtable Patrick administered to the drum. Know also, O voracious reader, that the farcical, make-believe examinations of passengers leaving India—of which I have told in a recent article on the plague—took place with us. I predicted that such remissness would spread the plague, and already it has gone to Egypt; but that is neither here nor there—or, rather, it is not here, but is there.

When the stanch and tortoise-gaited *Valetta* of the P. & O. Line reached Colombo, we were told that we could not go ashore. We might look, but we must not touch it. The shore doctor was the only living thing that ventured aboard of us—and he ordered up a yellow flag to show that we were things unclean and set apart. Even the crows which lighted all over the ship of the Messageries Maritimes, a few furlongs away, flew by us, eying us sidewise, and squawking out their opinion of us in coarse and abusive tones. "I like the look of Ceylon," said Mr. Weldon the artist, who was with me; "I'll come and see it some day when I have a month's time and five hundred dollars to spare." I replied with something like the fox's remark about the grapes that he could not reach.

At Aden, in Arabia, the same experience was repeated, except that the government allowed the peddlers of ostrich feathers, Abyssinian coins, and horns of big game to come aboard. Thus we were robbed at our ease, instead of being put to the trouble of going ashore to be fleeced. Some hundred or more of us would have liked to go ashore and see the hottest place on earth, and its tanks, Arab caravans, Somali negroes, and wondrous fortifications, but Mr. Weldon and I had been there, and still smarted over the money we had spent on feathers. Presently our yellow flag came down, the sharks rejoined our wake, the tiny wavelets kissed our ship, and we put out to sea again. In time we came to Port Said, the wickedest place men inhabit, where the Asiatic plague seems mild compared with the epidemic of gambling and immorality of every kind which festers in the houses. Therefore we were allowed ashore, and went delightedly. We knew the place by heart, and had been guilty of despising it; but it was so good to be out of the shadow of the yellow flag, to be released from prison and set free, that we would have enjoyed a day on the Dry Tortugas under the circumstances.

Our next stop was to be at Malta, the emerald of the Mediterranean. How eagerly we read the ship's literature about it! How we pursued with questions all of our company and crew who had ever stopped there! How appetizing was everything we learned! It was a mound of flowers, we were told. It had a cathedral with silver gates. Its women were houris dressed like nuns.

The American troop-ship *Sheridan* had just been there, and our boys had paraded in Valetta. We had no doubt that we also should revel there; that our yellow flag was now forever down and done with. One fine afternoon we saw Malta, and the mere sight of it from a distance excelled in interest all that we had heard concerning it. What we saw was a gray mediæval city, compressed between massive walls and perched high above the sea, as St.-Malo in Brittany is, but as too few other places have been left to-day. Houses, churches, spires, roofs, and towers, all of the same yellow-gray, were huddled above us in a picture suggestive of an age that has gone and left only a few of its monuments. We were mad to see the anchor down and go ashore. At last we slipped into a narrow channel, with fortifications and men-of-war on both sides of us. Out came the doctor's boat, and Cook's and Gaze's boats, people ran up our gangway, and the bustle of making port rose high.

Then came the word that no passengers from India were to be allowed ashore.

I will admit I was excited. To have lost an experience in Ceylon, where these ships sometimes stopped for a day or two, was bad enough, but now to be left staring up at Malta—to see its streets of stone stairways and not be able to climb one, to be within pistol-shot of the church with the silver gates and the shops full of Malta lace—oh, that was more than we could digest!

"See here," said I to the port doctor, "we are two Americans travelling round the globe. We did not stop in Calcutta long enough to take the plague; we merely shipped from there. If we had caught it we should have been ill long ago. But our main scheme is to see Malta. It's the place we want to see more than all the other places on earth. We have travelled twenty thousand miles to see it. Please be reasonable and let us go ashore."

We were not only eloquent, as you see, but our voices quivered, our eyes burned, and we were impressive and magnetic in a way that would have captured any jury at home.

"It can be done," said the doctor, "but ze only way weel be for you to haf all your luckarsh"—by which he meant luggage—"zent ashore, ant for you to remain until ze next steamer. We shall zen disinfect your clozing, ant submit you to ze baz"—he meant to say bath—"ant zen you can see Malta."

This we made the doctor repeat several times, and each repetition cooled our ardor one degree. We told him we would take what he said away with us and think about it. Instead of doing so we went to the captain.

"Oh," said he, "go ashore! They won't do anything to you. Gather up a dozen or fifteen passengers who are willing to take the chances of being put through the steam process, and march them all up to the man at the gangway and say you are determined to go ashore. They know we have no sickness aboard, and, besides, they haven't got the apparatus to boil twenty people in the three hours we shall stay here."

I marshalled twelve intrepid souls by saying that the threat of disinfection was only a pretence, and that the captain said, if we call the bluff—as is the saying of the sinful who play poker—we would not be put to any inconvenience. We advanced upon the man in Maltese uniform at the gangway. "We are twelve," said we, "and we mean to go ashore."

"Twelve!" he repeated, in surprise. "Why, I have orders only to pass two Americans!"

Oh, that was news indeed! It was impossible to keep a smirk of satisfaction off our faces. Instantly and heartlessly we abandoned our comrades. "You see how it is," we said. "It's too bad, and all that sort of thing, but—well, we can go, you see, and we think that maybe, if you show some spirit, you can follow us." We tumbled down the gangway and into a small boat, and the whole ship's company leaned over the rail and looked on. "America's ahead," some shouted. "You'll be boiled, and your clothes 'll be ruined." "Better come back," shouted others. "They're awfully strict here." We looked inquiringly at the young Italian in blue and gold who was our escort. He grinned and shrugged his shoulders. "You must go to the quarantine, that is all," he remarked; "it is mere form."

"No boiling—on your word?" we asked.

"You shall only put one finger in the water, to respect the law," said he.

I cannot say why I still had my doubts, but I had.

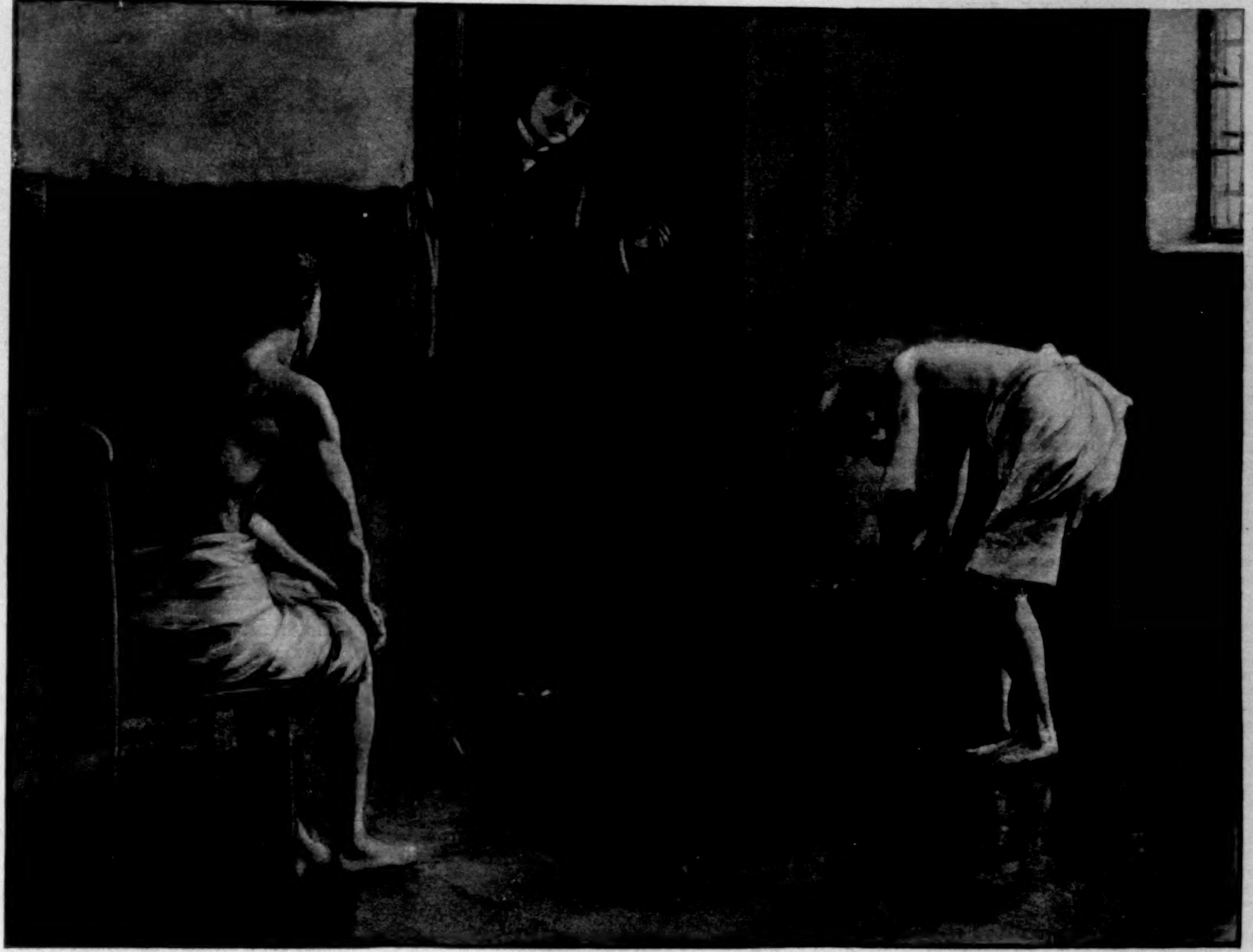
"We are Americans," said I. "We will not be humbugged. We carry guns, and care nothing for human life. We will kill half Malta before we submit to disinfection."

"Just the finger in the water," said the young officer; "that is the most."

"I wouldn't threaten him," Weldon whispered. "It's better to be friendly with him. Look here," he said, aloud; "if you can put us through quickly, and just let us answer a question or two, we will give you a present. Do you see?"

"Thank you," said the owner of the perpetual grin. "It is merely to observe the law. Messieurs will not be kept, except a minute for the ceremony of respect to the law."

Our row-boat crept away from the ship and from the narrow channel full of life, into a wider bit of water, all deserted and lying dead and quiet. It was as if life was



"MAKE THE NOISE OF OTHER MAN TAKE THE BATH."—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.

fleeing from us. On every hand rose the house-crowded hill of rock, quainter and more attractive than anything we had seen on this side of India. Ahead of us lay a long yellow building of stone, of immense length and solidity, like an Italian palace. To it we were rowed, and soon we were clambering up the water-side steps to an arcade behind many columns skirting the front of the building. It too was deserted, lonely, quiet as a grave. We took heart. This was the quarantine building, and the fact that no one met us or was in sight surely proved that the captain was correct and the operation of the law would be a farce. We walked a very long distance along the open corridor behind the colonnade, and then mounted some stairs to the second story. This also was bare, deserted, an empty shell of stone, like a palace abandoned, or else never occupied. In turning a corner of the passage we came upon a Maltese girl of fourteen years, with a cataract of long black hair poured over her shoulders and down her back. She shrank into a corner, and as we moved toward her to pass her, she shrieked with terror and darted between us and away. "She think you got ze plague," remarked our cat-faced escort.

"But this is all infernal nonsense," we insisted, to keep him at our point of view of the situation. "People should not run away from us."

"Merely the finger in the bath—to respect the law," he repeated.

He led us to a door, and, throwing it wide open, motioned us into a large cell, or chamber, of four stone walls and a stone floor, with a barred window at the farther end —a misfit window which let in a furious cold draught. Even without its bars it was not a means of exit, for it looked into a deep court, at the bottom of which a Maltese washer-woman was soothing the girl whom we had so alarmed. On the floor of the room were two chairs and an iron bath-tub. Against one wall was a rail hung with shirts and trousers of twilled cotton, very much stained. We had heard that the chief use of a quarantine at Malta was against small-pox, but these half-washed garments suggested every contagious disease known to the doctors.

Having shown us in, our grinning escort vanished. A moment later there entered a rough man of the laborer type, who opened a door we had not noticed. It led to a small chamber containing a faucet and sink. There was no other way in or out of it except this door. The man began filling pails of water and emptying them into the bath-tub. Before he had finished, our grinning young officer came to the door and informed us that the bath was a solution of sublimate. He added, "Just the finger —for satisfying the law." Then he disappeared, and the room was filled by other men, one of whom ordered us, in Italian, to deliver up our clothes and bathe. We argued, stormed, pleaded, raved. Nothing availed. We must give up all our clothes. We could not even return to the ship until we had been disinfected. In the heat of the tumult our only acquaintance returned, and said: "It is all the mere form. You give a man your clothes. He does nothing. Then he returns them. All for you to put is the finger in the bath; that is all. Why do you waste the time?"

"But we will not do anything with all these men in the room," we declared; for even prisoners may assert their self-respect. Left to ourselves, we took off everything except our under-clothing and trousers, and handed out what we discarded. This would not do. We must strip and give up everything. I obeyed, but Mr. Weldon hid his trousers under the garments on the rail. They were not missed, and he was jubilant. He rather overdid his part—crowing over his American citizenship, and arguing that I was not half clever, while he was an intellectual prodigy. All the same, every time he reached out a shivering naked arm to get his trousers one man or another came in, so that he was, like myself, bare as at birth, except for the stained towel each of us had reluctantly wrapped around himself.

"Make the noise of take the bath," said the personified grin in uniform, opening the door to a crack and whispering.

"I won't do a thing," Weldon roared. "I'm mad to my marrow. They may hang me now, if they like, but I will not help along this outrage any further."

"I will, then," said I; and standing over the bath, I churned and splashed the water, crying, "Br-r-r-r! br-r-r-r!" as if I was in over my head and all but drowning.

Then I sat down again in my towel and complexion, and in the cold and furious draught. What fun I got was in looking at Mr. Weldon, at the other end of the room, as he turned bluer and bluer and shivered like a high-bred spaniel.

"Make the noise of other man take the bath," the grin in uniform whispered at the door.

"Not one single noise will I make," Weldon bawled. "What do these people take me for? Let him come in and take the bath himself, if it must be taken. I can tell them this—if my clothes are brought back wet, they must go and buy me a new suit."

"I will make the noise for you," said I, and I splashed and churned away with one arm in the tub, and made the choking sounds of six men drowning.

Having done all this to satisfy the law, we waited, with unexampled self-control and patience, quite a full minute. Then we began to shout for our clothes. Our bodies were like cakes of ice, and we were alarmed. We yelled louder and harder, but no one came or heeded us.

"This looks like one on us," said Weldon.

"Suppose they hear of it on board ship?" I remarked.

"I know two men who aren't likely to tell of it," Weldon replied.

"But see here," I ventured; "I can't sit here by the hour, in a draughty stone cell, bare naked."

"You seem to be doing it all right," he replied. "We will both of us be very ill as it is; another ten minutes of it means pneumonia, sure."

At that I bounded off my chair and pattered over the stones to the door, with Weldon assuring me that if I chilled my feet in that way I would die. Regardless of him and of all that might happen, I sallied out, in my one-towel array, into the corridor and along a whole city-block's length of it, calling loudly. When at last I saw the grinning young officer approaching, I ran back to my cell ahead of him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"We are very cold. We shall be ill."

"Yes," said he, calmly, "it is so; at least I think so."

The reader is at liberty to fancy what we said to him. It requires an able-bodied fancy to grasp what we said, but there are minds that can picture it, at least remotely.

"It is too late now," the personified grin interjected. "The worst is done already. On the ship you must take the hot bath and much of the hot spirits. Why, then, do you be angry now? Your clothes, not too wet, will arrive in time from the disinfecting machine—but have I not kept my word about merely the finger in the bath, eh?"

He left us, and the strange drama went on. Its later scenes were mere repetitions of the earlier ones. For forty-five minutes we sat and shivered, with chattering teeth and bodies which had turned to marble, and felt strange when we touched ourselves. I beat and slapped myself for fifteen minutes, as I remember it, and yelled for my clothes the remainder of the time. Mr. Weldon sat stolidly, like a red Indian, only uttering occasional grunts and biting witticisms. Every now and then he reached over and got his trousers, and this always freshly reminded him of how clever he had been to keep them. But he got no chance to put them on. The occasional sight of them was all the profit there was in his triumph. No sooner were they outstretched and ready for the insertion of one of his majolica legs than a man was sure to push at the door, and he would hide them again. I could have played soft music of irony and taunts to his performances with that garment, but I spared him. When a man has nothing in the world but a pair of trousers and is afraid to put them on, it is more meet to pity than to revile him.

"When you are writing a novel," he said, "have your hero robbed of his clothes. No other way to make a man so helpless has ever been thought of."

Perhaps it should have been so, but now and then I darted out upon the open corridor in my towel and bawled for my clothes. Weldon said it was doing no good; but I came not to care for what he said, because I fancied that the cold had struck in to his intellect and damaged it. He grew quieter and quieter as the cold sank into his body, and I began to fancy he would have to be moved away, at the end, with a pair of ice-tongs.

At last the laboring-man came with our clothes. In sorting out each one's for himself we discovered that they were dry and hot. They had been neatly ironed as well. It was evident that they had been baked or steamed, and then pressed by a tailor. When we were dressed, the official grin came to us and bade us follow him. He led us down stairs to where a man sat looking important as possible behind a window. As the window was merely one pane of glass in a wall, and as he had to stoop down to it, he did not really look as important as he would have liked us to think him. He handed out a certificate declaring that we had been disinfected.

"It costs five shilling," said the grin.

"Five shillings!" I exclaimed. "Have we got to pay for our sufferings?"

"It is the ceremony of the law, merely," purred the catlike officer.

"It is not the charge for what we have been through," Weldon assured me, "else it would be hundreds of dollars."

"Then it must be the local tax on goose-flesh," said I.

California Volunteers Welcomed Home

San Francisco, *August 27, 1899.*

THE reception given to the First California Regiment on its return from fifteen months' service in the Philippine Islands surpassed any public spectacle ever seen in San Francisco. It was a series of sea and land pageants that lasted for three days, and closed last night with a huge torch-light parade through brilliantly illuminated streets.

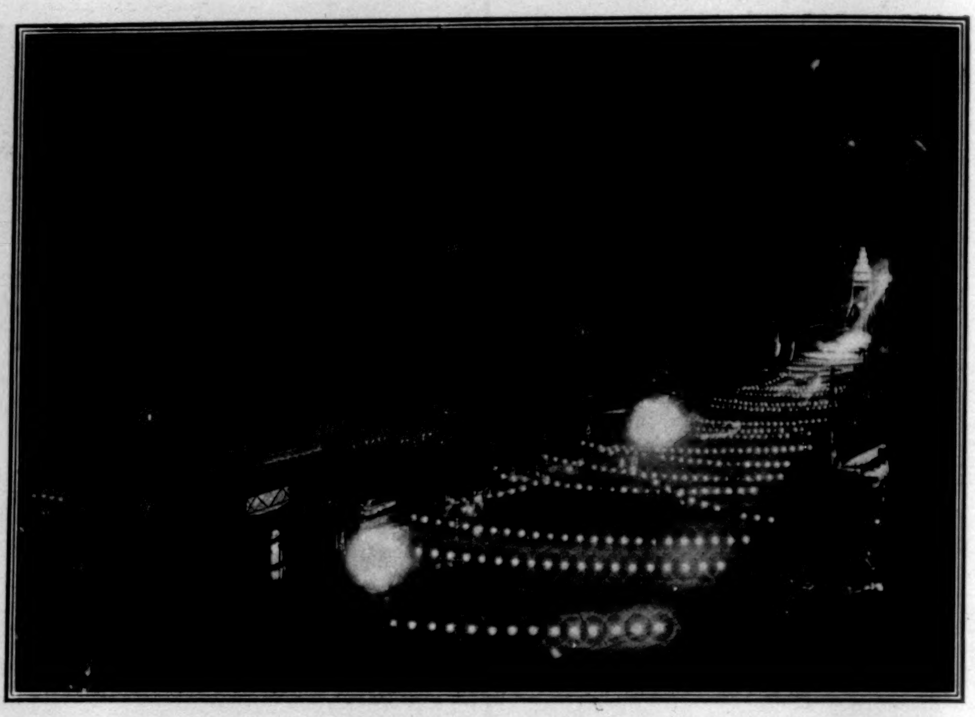
San Francisco's main streets and the principal buildings were beautifully decorated. Market Street, from the ferry depot to Van Ness Avenue, was crossed by strings of powerful electric lights, about seventy feet apart. The outlines of the City Hall and the ferry depot were marked by electric lights, the ferry tower especially presenting a beautiful appearance. All along the length of the street fan-palms, spruce, pines, cedars, and other trees, gifts from various cities of the State, were arranged at regular intervals. In all, $60,000 was raised by popular subscription for the expenses of the reception and for the maintenance of volunteers until they can secure positions. Of this sum nearly $6000 was contributed by public-spirited Chinese of San Francisco, who seemed to take as much interest in the return of the soldiers as the white residents. In recognition of their generosity, a large grand stand was erected in lower Market Street for the accommodation of the Chinese Consul-General and prominent Chinese merchants, and when it was filled on the day and night of the parades the many-colored silken costumes of its occupants made it look like a bed of brilliant flowers. It was estimated that over 100,000 strangers came to the city to witness the reception, and that 350,000 people were along the line of march on the occasion of the two parades.

The naval parade took place on Thursday. Over fifty steamers and yachts went out to greet the incoming vessel, and when they came in, spread out like a fan, with the dingy-white transport in the centre, and with every vantage-point hung with many-colored flags and streamers, the sight was one long to be remembered. The transport's decks were black with soldiers straining their eyes to see the familiar headlands, and from these lofty landmarks the thousands who were gathered sent up a shout that could be heard clear across the water. To the music of many bands, and the shrill screaming of hundreds of steam-whistles, and the heavy reports of the battle-ship *Iowa's* guns, the transport *Sherman* sailed slowly up the harbor and dropped her anchor.

The next day (Friday) the volunteers landed, and just before noon began their march. First in the line were Major-General Shafter and his aides, and then came four batteries of the Third Artillery and several battalions of the National Guard of California. When the First California Volunteers in their dirty yellow khaki uniforms appeared, the crowd went wild with cheers, and frequently blocked the marching-line. The men wore wreaths around their necks, and all had flowers in their button-holes. They marched well, and their faces showed their appreciation of the reception. At Van Ness Avenue, where General Shafter and Governor Gage reviewed the parade, the crowds were greater than elsewhere, and the men passed between solid walls of cheering people.

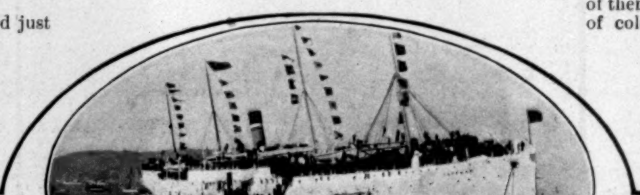
The three days' jubilee was ended with a monster night parade last evening, which in all its features was the most remarkable street pageant ever seen in the far West. Fourteen thousand men from civic and military societies marched through Market Street for two and one-half hours under brilliant lines of electric light. At one end of the route the City Hall stood out like a fairy palace, its outlines and its fine dome picked out in electric light, while at the other end the tower of the new ferry building formed a dazzling picture against the dark background of the sky. All the lofty buildings along Market Street were traced in lines of fire, and from the tops of many of them brilliant fireworks and red-fire added to the blaze of color. The parade was made more picturesque by floats and by the varied costumes of the different societies. Next to the California volunteers, the division that received the heartiest welcome was that which contained the marines of the battle-ship *Iowa* and the cruiser *Boston*. After the parade, the volunteers were given a banquet at the ferry depot.

George H. Fitch.



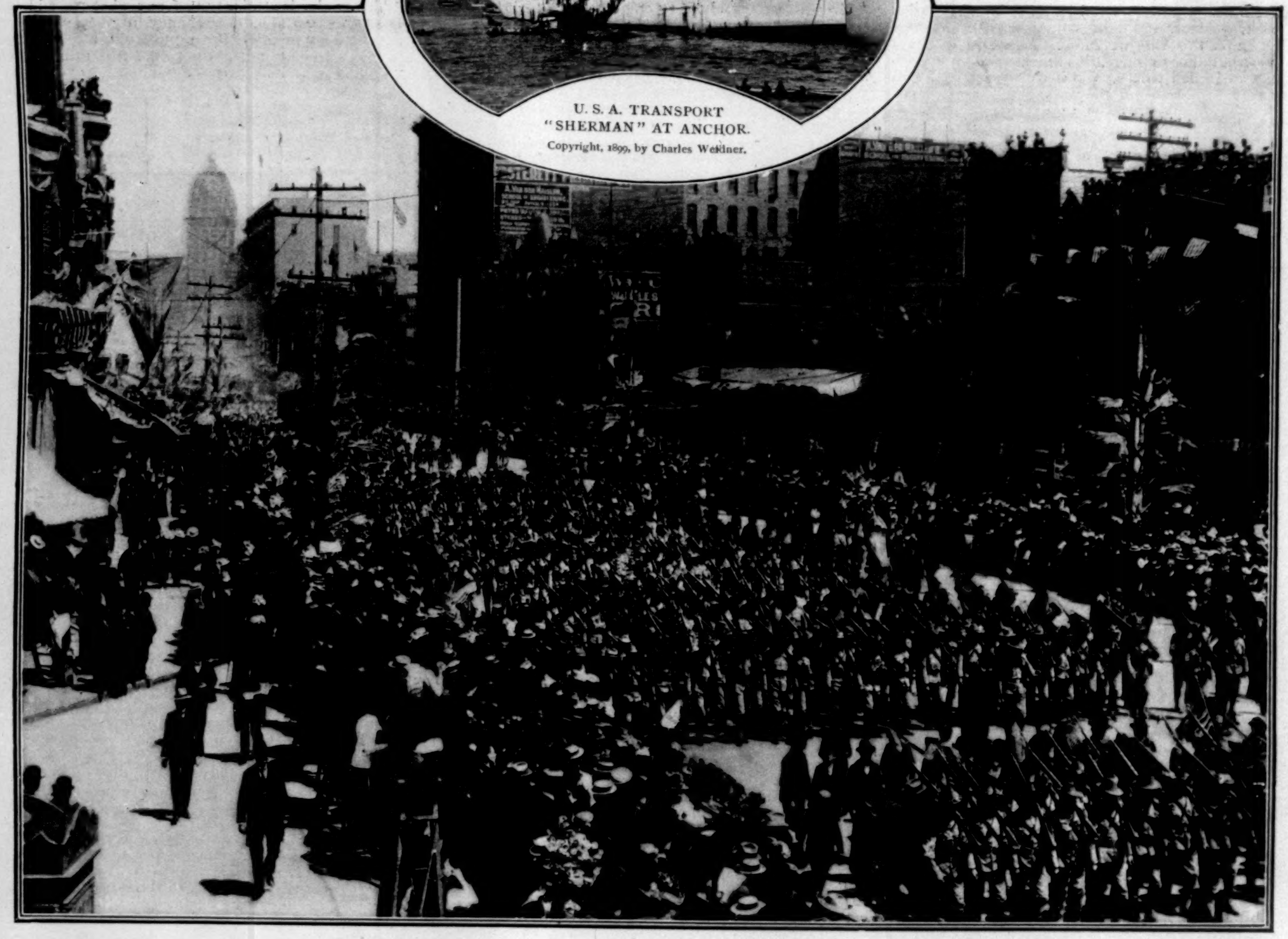
LOOKING DOWN MARKET STREET, SHOWING ILLUMINATION OF FERRY DEPOT TOWER.

From Photograph by O. H. Packer.



U. S. A. TRANSPORT "SHERMAN" AT ANCHOR.

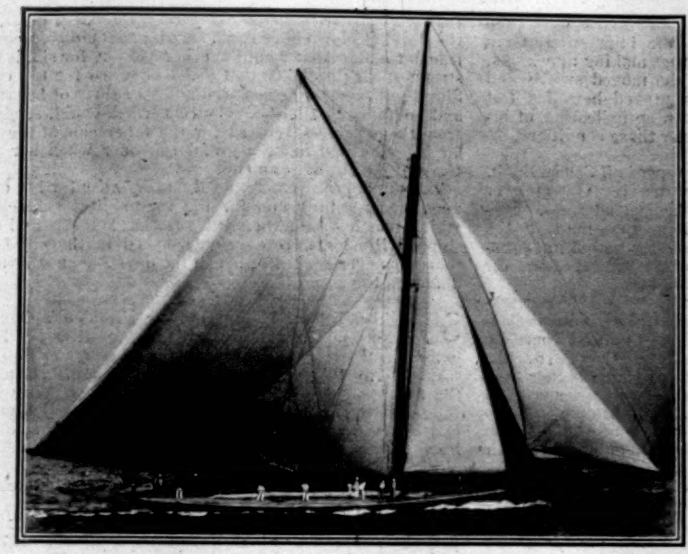
Copyright, 1899, by Charles Weidner.



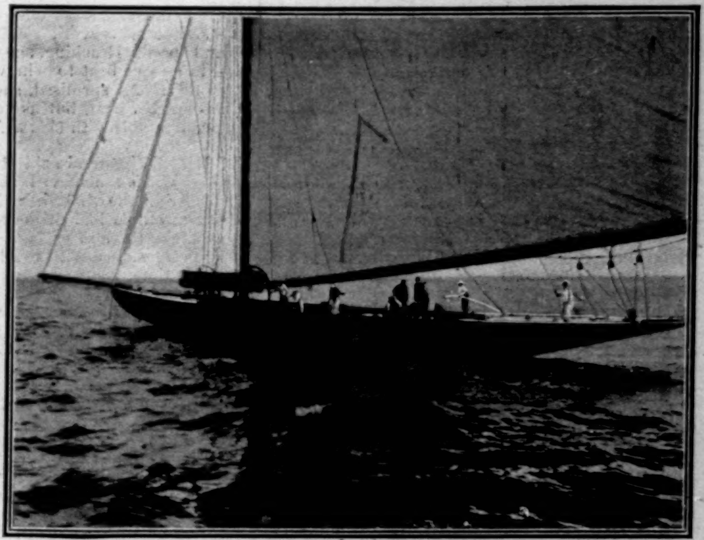
THE REGIMENT PASSING UP MARKET STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO—THE RETURN OF THE 1ST CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

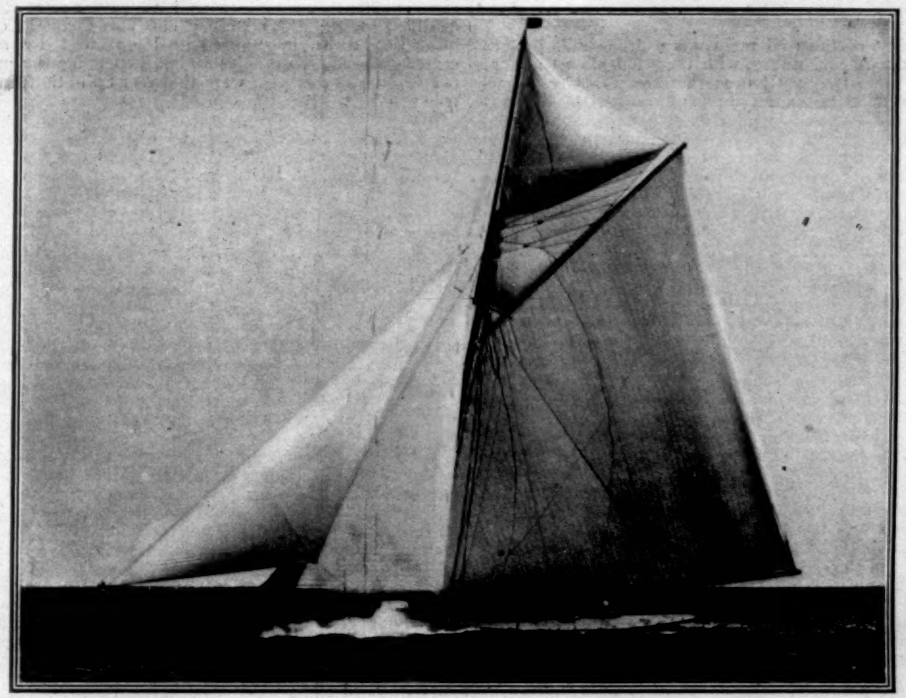
Photograph by Charles Weidner.



CLOSE-HAULED ON PORT TACK.



MESSRS RATSEY AND FIFE GOING ABOARD.



CLOSE-HAULED ON STARBOARD TACK.

GETTING UNDER WAY—STERN VIEW.

FIRST TRIAL-SAILING OF THE CUP-CHALLENGER "SHAMROCK" IN AMERICAN WATERS.

AMATEUR SPORT

THERE is deep satisfaction for sportsmen on both sides the Atlantic in the immensely pleasing impression made by *Shamrock* and her owner, Sir Thomas Lipton, on their initial appearance here. Renewal of effort for possession of the *America's* Cup could not be made by a worthier boat or a more sportsmanly challenger.

"SHAMROCK'S" splendid performance on her first trial in American waters is as gratifying to yachtsmen of this country as it is no doubt to those of Great Britain. Too long our defence of this international trophy has partaken of the nature of a sail-over. So easy has been the conquest, indeed, a majority of the times it has failed to provide that excitement without which a sport speedily loses vital interest.

Many American sportsmen would welcome, for several good reasons, loss of the cup this year; chief of them is the tremendous stimulation that would be given yachting interests in England and in America—for a challenge would be issued forthwith in the name of the New York Yacht Club, and several boats built in both countries for the race. It is not for the best interests of any sport that one country, or one college, or one club should always win; really in the end such one-sided competition affects the sporting development of the winner as much as it does that of the loser.

WHEN the next challenge is issued we hope it will be with a seventy and not with a ninety footer. Apropos of which an excellent story is timely, and illustrative of the present challenger's sportsmanship. Lipton's wish was to challenge with a seventy, and he so informed the New York Yacht Club officials in their unofficial correspondence prior to the issuance of the challenge. On the N. Y. Y. C. men expressing preference for a ninety-footer—for the reason, frankly given, that in the *Defender* they had a trial boat invaluable in tuning-up a new defender, whereas a speedy racer was lacking in the seventy class—Lipton renounced the challenger's privilege of naming any size boat within the Deed of Gift provisions—and *Shamrock* is a ninety footer.

Should *Columbia* be beaten, we could not, in courtesy, after such treatment, challenge with a seventy next year, unless, of course, Lipton was quite agreeable—but if we retain the cup, encouragement to build seventies should be given all future challengers. The point made by such suggestion is that thereby a class of big single-stickers would be created to participate in the usual racing of the yachting year.

The ninety-footers are utterly impossible for average yachting. They are entirely beyond the reach of any but a very wealthy yachtsman to build, and they are likewise too expensive to sail. From every view-point they are too costly. Not so the seventies. Their initial cost is very greatly less, and their running expenses probably about half. They are entirely possible to a great many yachtsmen, and once brought into such prominence as would be given by being chosen to defend or challenge for the *America's* Cup, it would not be long before we should have a full class to provide trial boats for international honors, and to furnish good sport during the regular yachting season.

THIS suggests the thought that incomplete classes are the ailment of American yachting generally in both sloops and schooners. There ought to be some means by which yacht clubs could legitimately throw the weight of their influence in the direction of class development. At present no guide more trustworthy or steadfast than individual caprice is answerable for each season's additions to the pleasure-yachting tonnage. This is equally as true of schooners as it is of the single-stickers. We seem never to have more than two really well-matched yachts in the same class at the same time, and so we see *Syce* and *Kestrel* and *Amorita* and *Quisetta* supplying all the racing in their respective classes, while the remaining schooners are brought together on a more or less unsatisfactory and certainly uninstructive handicap basis.

The condition is even more unsatisfactory among the sloops, for, with the exception of the one-time popular forty-six-footers, scarcely sufficient old or new boats can be mustered to give class racing a name. *Queen Mab* sails alone in her glory—a superb sample of a class and a type than which none among single-stickers is superior for all-round sailing.

Thus it happens that with a really very large fleet of yachts, no commensurate interest is forth-coming in the racing because of incomplete classes.

THE most impressive feature of *Shamrock's* sailing off Sandy Hook last week was the comparatively slight disturbance she made in going through the water. Evidently there is something in her under-body which gives good warrant for the confidence of Sir Thomas, and for William Fife's insistence that she be launched in skirts. Certainly *Shamrock's* performance the other day brought unfeigned surprise to those who looked upon her for the first time, or had perhaps seen photographs of her under sail in the Solent.

There is no doubt *Shamrock* was expected to make quite a fuss as she went through the water. Reports of her work on the other side spoke of it, and her full bow and heavy quarters suggested it.

But nothing of the kind was visible in her sailing last week. On the contrary, she went through the water smoothly and with astonishing ease. Instead of pounding with her full bow and sending the spray high over her forward deck, she rides over the water like a shallow-draught centreboarder, and does less hammering than any ninety-footer that has ever come out of England.

She seems, indeed, to make less disturbance at her bow in a choppy sea than *Columbia*, although the latter has not been seen yet in such weatherly conditions as those which prevailed during the challenger's first sail on this side.

SOMEHOW *Shamrock* appears to displace less water at the bow than *Columbia;* nor does water so much boil up on each side of the yacht, to swirl along her side and under her counter for the making of a considerable wake, as is the case with the defender.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to make trustworthy comparisons without the yachts sailing side by side in the same water and air, but, carrying in the mind's eye the work of *Columbia* under somewhat similar conditions, it does look as though Fife had succeeded in giving his product an easier entrance, for all its seemingly heavy bow, than Herreshoff has secured for the more finely drawn racerlike bow of *Columbia*.

And the value of easy entrance cannot be overestimated. It might mean minutes in a thirty-eight mile race over a choppy cross sea, and it surely means seconds under any conditions.

Yet it must be borne in mind that no one has viewed *Columbia* under such conditions, or with the rig she was designed to carry, in weather approaching that *Shamrock* encountered on her second sail.

FROM what I have seen of *Columbia*, I am on no account disposed to the opinion that she is a light-air boat solely or chiefly, though there is undoubted ground for such belief among casual or non-yachting observers. First of all, she has made no public appearance in a rough sea and a breeze blowing over twelve knots; and, next in importance towards forming an opinion,—she has no more revealed her true form than does a football eleven on the first day of November. This latter is true also in a measure of *Shamrock*, but of not such significance to the especial point under discussion.

Shamrock is a very fast boat in a whole-sail breeze and any kind of sea—of that there can be no doubt; and with the enormous sail-spread with which it is proposed to outfit her, I shall expect her to be proportionately fast in flat seas and light air, though she is not the drifter *Columbia* is, as her helplessness in the calm of last Friday proved. In those very light airs which have proved *Columbia* a wonder under such conditions, *Shamrock* will not be in the race.

She is the first challenger of recent years that has shown qualities to even suggest a chance of victory, and very likely her showing—unprecedented among challengers—betrays us into an exaggeration of her capabilities. So far as concerns the actual speed she has made, while of course fast, it is by no means overwhelming. Nor does it indicate defeat of the defender.

ACCURATE deductions cannot be drawn from the comparison of performances under conditions so different, yet some idea may be formed by putting side by side the times made by *Shamrock* and *Columbia* last week.

Shamrock, September 5, off Sandy Hook, in a fifteen to eighteen knot breeze and a fairly smooth sea, sailed at the rate of ten to twelve knots.

The next day she moved at the rate of twelve knots before the wind, and reached one short four-mile stretch at the rate of thirteen knots on a beam-wind, in a rough sea and a breeze blowing about the same strength.

Columbia, the preceding Saturday, in her trial racing with *Defender*, over a prescribed course fifteen miles to windward and return, and in an eight to ten knot breeze, sailed stretches at the rate of ten knots in a jumpy sea.

Two days later, over a triangular course that included a broad and a close reach and a dead beat to windward, in an eight to ten knot breeze, *Columbia*, by actual timing, averaged ten knots an hour for the entire thirty miles of the race. Again the next day, September 5, in a breeze that increased from eight to twelve knots, over a course ten miles to windward and return, *Columbia* averaged at times eleven knots.

SUCH figures may or may not be dependable, but at least they are as much so in one case as in another, and in both instances they indicate fast sailing. Still, there were some remarkable time reports of *Valkyrie III.*,—but she never approached them in the little we saw of her.

Fast as *Shamrock* is, and seaworthy, I have seen nothing yet that shakes my confidence in the defender's superior all-round speed for three out of five races. *Columbia* will, unless I am greatly mistaken, prove a revelation even to Americans when she is put to her utmost endeavors next month in the cup races. Her true speed has not been disclosed, and while her utmost efforts may no doubt be required to successfully defend the cup, it does seem, from comparing the lines of the two boats and their sailing, that she will prove equal to the task.

But if we do lose the cup there is none to whom we would rather confide its keeping than Sir Thomas Lipton.

EXCEPT in that swift reach of four and one-eighth knots from Sandy Hook to Scotland Light, when she seemed to be sailed for all she is worth, *Shamrock* has not been driven in any of her trial work hereabouts. She is being tuned up systematically and thoroughly. The fit of her canvas, her performance under varying conditions and sails, the trim of the boat—these are the matters at present concerning her designer and skipper. It was a wise decision to bring the challenger over early enough for this experimenting in the actual racing-waters, and we shall see the fruits of it next month.

During the greater part of her first trial *Shamrock* was kept under her three lower sails only, and the way she footed under this canvas indicated the speed which came later, after her working-topsail had been set. The fit of her canvas is perfect; nothing more artistic in sail-cutting has been seen in these waters. The wind was coming out of the northeast fresh and strong, ranging from fifteen to eighteen knots, and *Shamrock* heeled until her rail was nearly to the water's edge, but there she staid, even with the additional pressure made later by her topsail, and despite the puffs of stronger air that occasionally struck her.

On the second trial the wind had more weight in it, and the sea a considerable jump, yet she stood up as stiffly in the brisk southerly breeze as she had the day before.

Perhaps the second day furnished the most thorough test of her all-round quality. For about three hours she was kept going,—reaching, close-hauled, with sheets started and running—and on all points her work was first class.

REACHING has been said to be her strongest point of sailing, and her speed off Sandy Hook last week amply corroborated report. Close-hauled, she pointed into the very eye of the wind—literally speaking, she held a course just four points off the wind on the second day of her trial sailing—and footed so fast that tugs capable of steaming nine and ten knots could not keep up with her.

Off the wind, *Shamrock* sped along very smoothly, riding the seas as easily as though there was no jump in them. It is remarkable how little she minds the wave motion; there is no hanging, no surging; she seems to slide over or through them with an ease that can be explained only by an expert after study of her under-body.

She is very quick in stays, and forereaches so much as to lose trifling headway. There will be some beautiful work in this respect when *Shamrock* and *Columbia* meet, for both come about with speed approaching that of the racing thirty-footers.

Evidently the English boat steers very easily and true, for in all the trials her captain has obviously given slight attention to the tiller, and it may be assumed *Shamrock* is not handicapped by carrying a lee helm—an ofttime necessary evil of the big racers.

On the third day of her trial sailing *Shamrock* had a light south-southeast breeze, never stronger than seven to eight knots, and a sea with a long swell coming in from the south. Her work confirmed the impression of all-round speed. Reaching, she beat tugs making nine knots, and in a dead beat to windward she moved swiftly and smoothly. As surmised, she has proved herself a fast light-weather boat, but as yet given no indication of being comparable with *Columbia* under those conditions.

WHILE *Shamrock* exhibited her speed off Sandy Hook, *Columbia* achieved another decisive victory over *Defender* in the *America's* Cup official trial races. Previous meetings had of course left no question as to the outcome of these races, but interest was centred in *Columbia's* performance with the hollow steel mast, which, for the first time, she used throughout a race.

Even to the landlubberly eye, her improvement was marked. Hitherto she has been the tender boat, while *Defender* has stood up comparatively stiffly; but off Newport the situation was reversed, and *Columbia* was the stiffer of the two. The new defender has always pointed higher than the old one, but with her added stiffness she was enabled to sail even closer than usual to the wind; and, truth to tell, her work in this respect will, I am confident, astonish the on-lookers when she and *Shamrock* enter upon their international duel October 3.

It was perfectly apparent to the observing eye that *Columbia* was not being sailed to her limit against *Defender* off Newport, and this was especially noticeable in the second and conclusive one of the official trials. Not only were unnecessary tacks made, but the head-sails were deliberately manipulated to hamper rather than to aid the boat. Certainly it seemed as though *Columbia* could easily have added three more minutes to her credit on that occasion.

THE first of the trial races was a fifteen-mile beat to windward and return, with the wind almost abeam. As has more frequently been the case, *Defender* outmanœuvred *Columbia* at the start, and crossed the line first by seventeen seconds; but so notable was the windward work of *Columbia* that she turned the outer mark, fifteen miles away, 5 min. 10 sec. in advance.

Less than a quarter-mile from the start *Columbia* had made up the handicap of the start, and was endeavoring to take the windward berth from *Defender*. *Columbia* was pointing the higher, which kept Captain Rhodes repeatedly pinching *Defender* in order to hold his more advantageous position. It was a clever and a mighty struggle. Time and again the old *Defender* shook off her successor to international honors, but the remarkably close sailing to the wind of *Columbia* was more than anything afloat could withstand. She could not blanket *Defender* nor slip through her lee during the zigzag tacking, but all the time she was working steadily to windward, and fifteen minutes after they had started she secured the desired position. From that moment the race to windward became a procession, for *Columbia* set a pace that carried her along twenty seconds to the mile faster than *Defender's* best speed—and let it be remembered that *Defender* is sailing probably three minutes to the thirty miles faster this year than when she beat *Valkyrie III.* in 1895.

The breeze was blowing about ten knots, and only the speediest of the accompanying fleet of steam-yachts were able to keep up with the two sloops. There was a bit of a jump to the sea, too, and readjustment of *Columbia's* ballast had greatly facilitated her in taking the waves. She went through the water easier than in any of her previous races. Her crew also handled her sails smarter, though seemingly unnecessarily long in setting the spinnaker after the turn.

Defender was not so completely outfooted on the run home, though continuing steadily to lose distance, despite her carrying a bit stronger breeze, and *Columbia* finally won by 6 min. 49 sec.

BUT the second trial race, on Monday (September 4) of last week, provided the most notable exhibition of sailing *Columbia* has yet given. The course was a thirty-mile triangle, in a sea that had considerable life, and a wind blowing about ten knots. The first leg was a reach, with the wind aft the port beam; the second leg, another broad reach, freer than the first; the third leg was practically a dead beat to windward, though the shifting wind spoiled it somewhat. This time *Columbia* got the better of the start, with *Defender* thirteen seconds astern, and within ten minutes had left the old boat a dozen lengths at least. Steadily *Columbia* increased the distance, until at the first mark she had gained 3 min. 36 sec. on *Defender*, which had abandoned manœuvring for the weather position after the first mile, and settled down to determined sailing for the mark.

On the second leg the wind increased somewhat, but though it came in strong puffs, *Columbia* stood up stiffly, racing along in the trough of a sea that had grown very lively. She splashed quite a bit, but apparently slid over the waves, for there seemed not the slightest hesitation in her speed. It was a westerly swell—a nasty one, too—the boats were encountering, this leg, head on, yet in five miles of sailing *Columbia* had left *Defender* quite a mile behind. Later she ran into a soft place, and *Defender* gained so rapidly that she cut down *Columbia's* gain on this leg to 2 min. 9 sec.

IN the windward work of the last leg, despite her unnecessary tacks, which must have added three miles to the distance, *Columbia* gained 4 min. 22 sec., and crossed the finish-line a winner by 10 min. 7 sec. It had taken her 3 h. 17 m. 24 s. to sail the (about) thirty-three miles, which is practically ten miles an hour, and could easily have been bettered had the boat been driven, or even had her speed been not retarded by a topsail set, it seemed, purposely to spill wind over the leach.

This ended the trials, and though no announcement of choice is yet made by the cup committee, for reasons known to themselves only, none indeed seems needful, except to comply with formality, for *Columbia* has left no possible doubt of her superiority in moderate to light breezes and any kind of sea.

In a wind such as would permit the carrying of lower sails only, there is less difference in *Columbia's* favor; some yachtsmen think there is none, but I fear they take too much stock of *Defender's* splendid showing on that run to Vineyard Haven during the New York Yacht Club cruise.

In her present condition, I have no doubt *Columbia* is full five minutes faster than *Defender* for thirty miles, in the heaviest blow either could stand, and *Columbia* could ride out a blow that would wreck *Defender*, for she is the strongest single-sticker that has ever sailed for the cup. She is put together as has been no other sloop of her size, and so far as under-body is concerned, could, straight from the cup races, set sail for the other side of the Atlantic. She will make a grand schooner when her defence of the cup is at an end.

Too much praise cannot be given *Defender* for her own magnificent sailing and for the very skilful manner in which she has been handled. Butler Duncan and his skipper, Rhodes, have developed speed in the old boat that was never got out of her in the days she successfully defended the cup.

SHAW'S defeat of Hollins for the President's Cup at Newport marks the fourth triumph of New England golfers in the more important of the midsummer tournaments. Ripley's victory at Shinnecock Hills supplied the first rude awakening for metropolitan players, to be followed by Thorp's success at Bar Harbor, and that of C. Hitchcock, Jr., at Narragansett Pier,—not to mention his showing at Southampton. Hitchcock is really a New-Yorker, but in golf he has identified himself with the Point Judith Club, and hence his score must go to the credit of New England.

All this means that high-class form is becoming too prevalent to permit of its confinement to any one district, and no tournament demonstrated this general great improvement more so than the recent one at Newport. Last year Sargent led the qualifying round with the always excellent and then notable score of 172, while a score of 190 qualified for the first sixteen. This year Foxhall Keene headed the qualifying round with 169, while 183 was required to qualify. Besides which, just twice the number of men as last year were this year up to the '98 sixteen standard.

Bettered condition of course is somewhat responsible for this showing, but the chief cause is the great development of playing skill which is making all over the country.

In another two years very few of the present leading golfers will be counted among the upper sixteen, for the young men, East and West, are coming to the fore with unexampled rapidity, and it seems to be true that the perfection of golfing-form is to be attained only when the muscles are supple and the mind receptive.

YET there is tournament life for some of the comparatively older players, who, like Shaw and Harriman and Keene, combine unusual match-playing qualities with natural skill of an exceptional order. Were Keene to give golf enough attention to assure adequate practice, he would be equally as strong in the game as the other two, who are quite even.

Indeed, all three should be on even terms, but the one who gets the most practice is, among that trio, the one who will win out, for each has the requisite nerve to stand a gruelling contest up to the limit of the form of which he is capable on the day of play.

Shaw beat Hollins through his match-playing quality and his experience,—plus a first-class game of golf. Hollins was 3 down at the twenty-seventh hole, and 1 up at the thirty-third, but on the home green Shaw succeeded in halving the match, and on the first extra hole (the thirty-seventh) he won out because at this crucial point of the contest steadiness permitted the cleverest strokes in his repertory.

Hollins had, in the semi-finals, beaten C. Hitchcock, Jr., 5 up and 4 to play—in a game that did neither of the men justice, Hitchcock particularly being very erratic, and topping enough balls to lose the match. Both were poor on the greens. Shaw clearly deserved the honors of the tournament, for he put up a consistently good game from first to last of the week. Harriman showed periods of his top form against Keene, and again in his match with Shaw; but he was not up to best, and gave, for him, a novel exhibition of unsteadiness, which in itself was the clearest evidence of his unpreparedness to battle for his reputation.

Holding of the first strictly Western championship this week suggests the advisability of appointing Hobart-Chatfield-Taylor, president of the Western Association, to membership in the Board of Governors of the United States Association. Certainly the West is entitled to representation, and the present member of the executive committee, H. J. Whigham, is settled abroad—at least for an indefinite period.

THE spectacle of an athlete's successful deception of the handicapper being treated as nothing more serious than a joke, is alarming.

In England one of the most noisome features of track athletics is the custom of runners to perform poorly in a number of meetings, for the deliberate purpose of misleading the handicapper, and thereby securing a long mark, from which one day they win—after having backed themselves for all the money they can raise and duly tipped all their friends.

These are athletes—"amateurs"—who run to order, and are in the game solely for what money they can make out of it. Sometimes they are handled by a book-maker; sometimes they handle themselves.

There is a well known shot-putter in this country whose efforts in scratch games to fool the handicapper, and thereby assist his own mug-hunting, are affecting his standing as a sportsman among sportsmen.

But the most serious illustration of the harmful extreme to which this swindling may be carried was furnished by the 25 mile road race on Labor day, won by H. E. Bleecker. In sending in his entry, Bleecker gave an incomplete and therefore misleading history of his best performances, and was put on a much longer mark than his record entitled him to. He won, and thereupon his deception of the handicapper came to light, followed by the startling statement that it is quite common for racing bicyclists to lie about their previous performances.

The officials have treated all this as a joke!

No wonder bicycle-racing has lost standing under the government of men who view dishonesty as a joke, and the winning of medals by false representations as a species of cleverness.

Such cleverness in commercial life leads to jail.

Caspar Whitney.

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Trusts and Industrial Combinations

III.—THE JUST BASIS OF CAPITALIZATION.

"THE new trusts are all over-capitalized," is a frequent assertion nowadays. A few years ago assertions regarding stock-watering in connection with railroads were equally common. In both cases it is assumed that the practices referred to bring evil to the community. Just what the evil is is not always clearly seen. That any evil exists is often denied. What is the truth? Is there a just basis for capitalization? a just basis for profits?

People who have not given much attention to business affairs are accustomed to think that a business should be capitalized at the amount of capital actually paid into the business in cash, or plant or goods estimated at a fair selling rate. Active business men of the present day, especially if they have been engaged in large undertakings, are disposed to say that the earning capacity of an establishment is the proper basis for its capitalization. It matters little what amount of capital has been paid in. If an establishment can earn a fair rate of interest above all expenses on a million dollars, let it be capitalized at a million. It is probably true that most of the larger undertakings of the past few years have adopted this basis for their capitalization. In some cases even, as with some of our street railroads, capital enough has been borrowed to pay for the entire plant. The promoters have then issued stock for as large an amount as it was expected that a low rate of interest could be paid on after the obligations on the bonds, running expenses, etc., had been met. This was all gain to the first holders. What are the advantages of this method of capitalization? What are the disadvantages?

To the promoters and those who are "let in on the ground-floor," first, advantage is given, in that they know better than would-be purchasers of the stock what the relations are between the amount of capital paid in and the earning capacity. They are in a better position to make a bargain. Second, if they wish to sell their stock, they can, aside from this better knowledge, realize a larger sum. The average investor on the stock market will pay more for two thousand dollars of stock whose average dividend is six per cent. than for one thousand dollars whose average dividend is twelve per cent. If the first sells at par, the second will not sell for 200. Greater returns will come to the first investors therefore by increasing the amount of stock to be sold. Third, in some cases the promoters of industrial combinations wish to have some stock to manipulate on the exchange, and care nothing for regular dividends. Under those circumstances the stock is likely to be watered beyond the dividend-paying point. The stock then, kept far below par, can be raised and lowered by shifting conditions of trade and of the market—often by mere idle rumor.

On the other hand, these advantages to promoters are readily seen to be disadvantages to investors who wish for stable investments. So far as they serve to keep the source of profits unknown to the public, they are likely to result in grave injustice.

Persons who argue that the earning capacity of an establishment is the proper basis for capitalization are inclined to give the newspaper as an example. A newspaper with a plant costing fifty thousand dollars may easily produce an income which would be equivalent to ten per cent. interest on half a million dollars. The high earnings come from the genius of the editor. But the question may well be asked, In what way has the public been benefited by making the capital stock half a million instead of fifty thousand?

The same argument holds with reference to an establishment built on a patent right. So long as the inventor is reaping the benefits of his skill, the public will probably not complain. Even in this case, however, it is a question whether the reward of the inventor's genius might not be more secure and the interests of the public much better protected if our patent laws were such as to secure the merited reward to the inventor himself, and not, as is so often the case, to the mere capitalist who exploits the invention.

In the case of railroads, street railroads, gas companies, and the like, the concealment of the source of profits often worked to the detriment of the public. All people are willing that good profits should be paid on capital actually invested, and that rich rewards should be given to those who have shown exceptional skill or boldness in promoting these public necessities. The stock-watering, however, has prevented the general public from seeing in many cases that the real source of the high profits was neither in the capital invested nor in the skill of the manager, but in the franchise granted by the public. Had the stock not been watered, and had the profits been declared on the capital actually invested, the truth would have become known many years earlier, and much of our public indebtedness as well as much bitterness of feeling against capitalists would have been obviated.

The modern trusts, as was shown in the preceding article on "Modern Monopoly," have in them an element of monopoly. Ought they to be permitted to pay high profits on this power of monopoly? If they are capitalized at the amount of capital actually put in, people can see how much is really earned. So far as special skill or talent is shown in the development of special brands or qualities of goods, prices can be kept high, and high profits can be made without objection being raised by any one. But in the other cases, where individual skill is not prominent, prices can be kept only high enough to pay moderate profits. When placed higher so as to pay large dividends, competition will certainly come in and force down prices.

Under the present system of high capitalization upon what is supposed to be the earning capacity of an establishment, the source of profits is so concealed that competition is often destroyed. Furthermore, if an establishment is organized on this basis, and high profits for a time are secured to pay dividends, an injustice will certainly be done to those who have invested in these stocks, provided that the truth later becomes known, and new establishments on a lower basis of capitalization are built to sell goods at little above cost prices. The greatest injustice of the modern trust comes from the fact that the promoter is often able to sell his stock shortly after the trust is formed to those whom he has deceived.

The objections to a high capitalization are not therefore, after all, founded on mere prejudice or ignorance. The people are willing that high profits should be paid for exceptional talent or for exceptional boldness in taking risks; but on the other hand, they are not willing that through the concealment of the source of profits individuals should secure large returns from franchises which belong to the public when they return no special aid to the public; nor are they willing that profits should be paid on the mere power of monopoly, unless some special service is rendered in return. Would publicity regarding the amount, the location, and the nature of the capital paid in when our corporations are organized solve the difficulty? Would any honest enterprise be harmed if the facts regarding capitalization were fully known? Would the public be better served? W.

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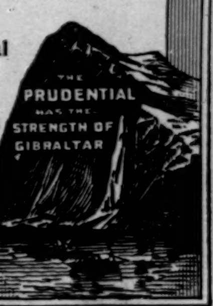

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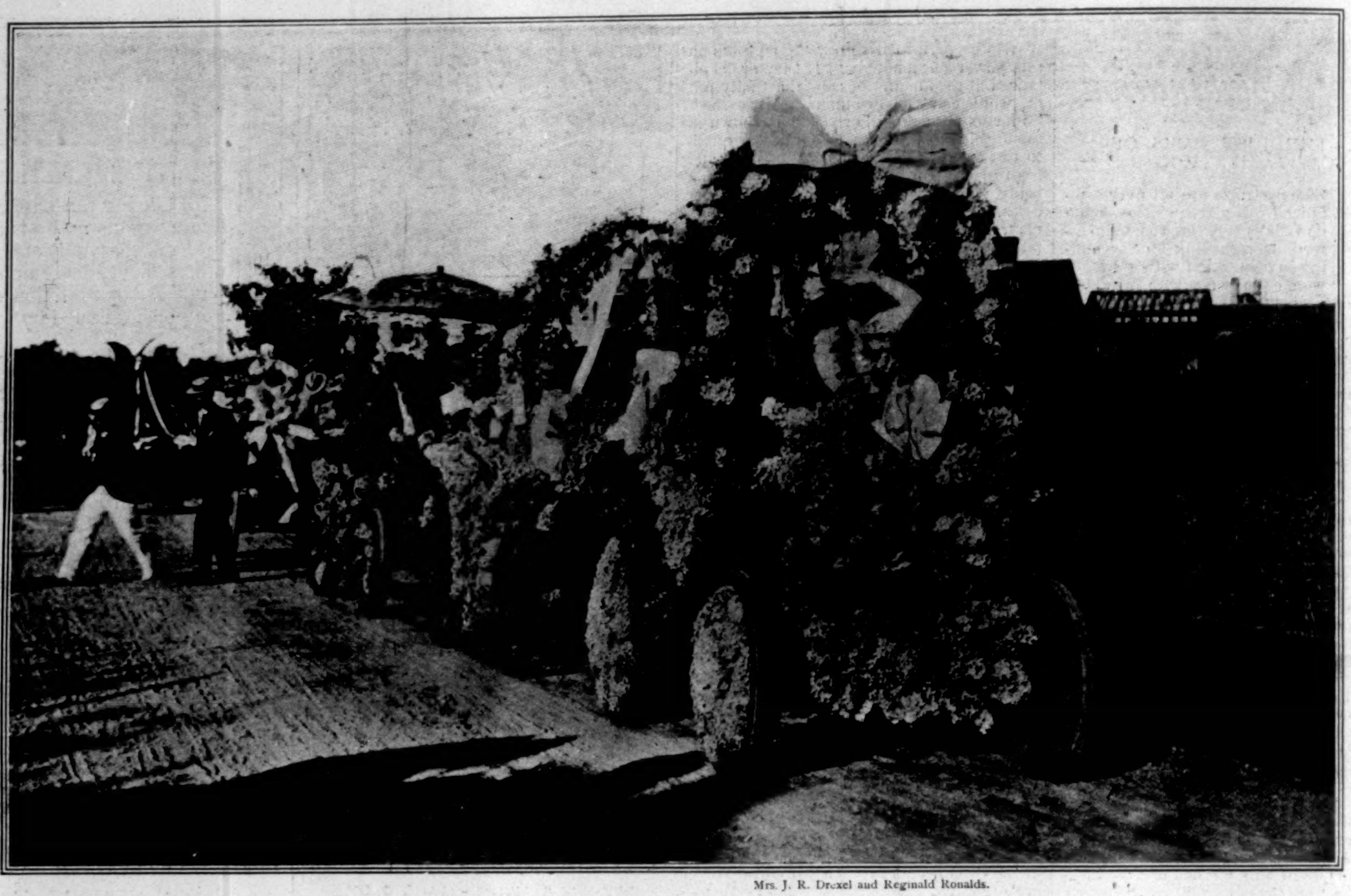


Mrs. J. R. Drexel and Reginald Ronalds.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARADE.

Newport's Automobile Parade

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON.

EARLY in the present season New York enjoyed the novel spectacle of an automobile parade, but to Newport must be given the credit of organizing the first strictly private display of self-propelled vehicles. There were nineteen carriages in line, a remarkable showing when one considers that this is virtually the first season of the new sport. And it is also true that the number would have been close to half a hundred had the manufacturers been able to do their part in supplying the demands of their eager customers. There are scores of companies in the United States that are supposed to be engaged in the business of manufacturing automobiles, but there are not more than half a dozen that are prepared to deliver the actual goods.

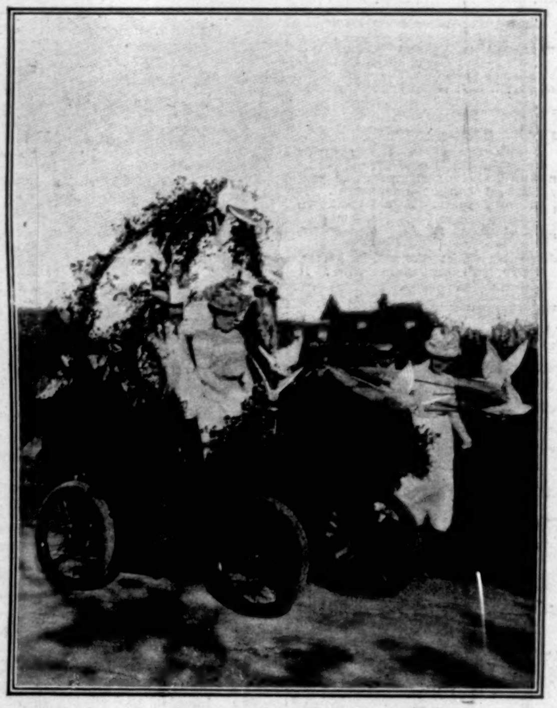
Nearly all the motor-carriages in use at Newport belong to the electric class, and, as a rule, they are not sold outright to the individual owners. The company that manufactures the carriages prefers the lease system. Simple as it looks in theory, the care of an electric vehicle can only be properly undertaken by skilled labor, and the manufacturing company retains this responsibility under the lease contract. Of course the owner enjoys the undivided use and control of his vehicle, and he is entitled to the immediate benefit of all the new improvements that may be introduced from time to time. The plan is a novel one, and under present conditions it is equitable alike to dealer and customer.

The driving competition proved to be the amusing feature of the Newport show. In Paris there is a regular training-park for the education of drivers of public conveyances, and they do not receive their licenses until they have passed the prescribed tests of skill. The training-course is a narrow, winding, hilly street, and it contains as many obstacles to locomotion as can be conveniently brought together, including lamp-posts, piles of brick, and cast-iron figures of nursemaids, peddlers, and all sorts and conditions of men. The embryo cabbies have dubbed the street the "rue de Magdebourg," and it is a proud day for the tyro when he first succeeds in running the gauntlet without making a single "touch."

At Newport an avenue was marked off by flags in the middle of a field, and the contestants were required to negotiate the course without touching a flag or any one of the dummy figures that were scattered along this miniature "rue de Magdebourg." As a rule, the driving was excellent, and several clean scores were made. There was the greatest possible interest in both parade and competition, and the sport of amateur "stoking" must henceforth be given its rightful place upon the athletic calendar.

The prize for the best driving, a handsome silver urn, was awarded to Mr. Stuyvesant Leroy, who went over the entire course without making a touch. A silver bonbon-dish, the prize for the best decorated vehicle, went to Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.



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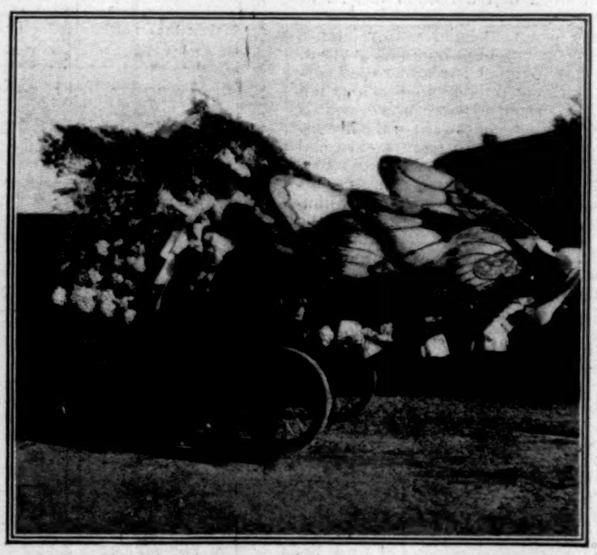

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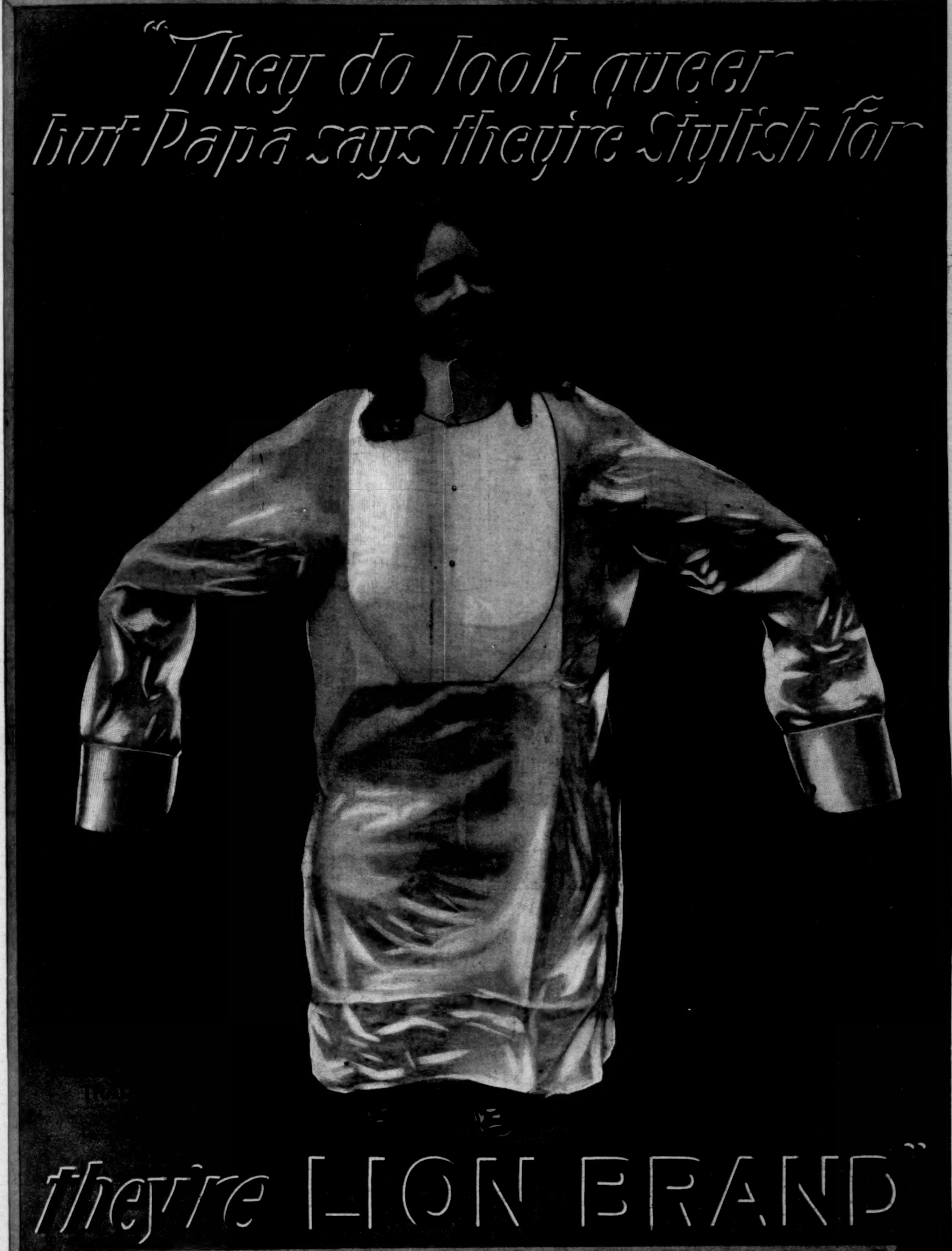
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THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN.

TWO interesting bits of literary gossip come from abroad. It is disclosed in a London contemporary that Mr. W. W. Jacob (with whose tales many readers of the WEEKLY are doubtless familiar) has resigned from the Savings-bank Department of the British Post-Office, and means to devote himself to literary work. He was enriched on his retirement by an illuminated address, a silver inkstand, and a pair of candlesticks, all tributes of regard from his admiring colleagues.

Word comes also that Mr. Sidney Whitman's *Reminiscences of the King of Roumania* (Harpers) has proved a source of so much satisfaction to the King of Roumania that he has written his acknowledgments to the author, and conferred upon him the Knight Commander's cross of the order of the Crown of Roumania.

IN the suit of the Colonial Dames of America to restrain the Colonial Dames of the State of New York and the National Society of Colonial Dames of America from calling themselves Colonial Dames, the decision of Judge Bookstaver is adverse to the plaintiffs. He says:

> If there be any advantage in the peculiarly suitable appellation "Colonial Dames," let them all have that advantage. If they can see their way to a composition of their differences and to a union, or if they think they can do better acting separately, so be it. I will not lay a straw in the way of any of them, but rather wish them all God-speed and the fullest measure of success in their good efforts.

It will be the sense of the general public that the judge has used a wise discretion in this case. His decision in favor of the defendants has been made without costs. In his opinion he points out that the case is unusual in that none of the parties concerned has used or intends to use the disputed name for purposes of financial gain, but, on the contrary, all are equally seeking to accomplish patriotic and unselfish ends. He finds, therefore, that rules governing the rights to trade-names do not apply, though if they did there would still be serious doubt as to the plaintiffs' right to an injunction. "It is more important," he says, "that philanthropic work should be done than that any particular persons should have the gratification of doing it," and in this case he declines to attempt to tie the hands of any of the parties.

Whether the Colonial Dames of America have still fight left in them and will appeal their case remains to be seen. It is to be hoped they won't, for, as the looker-on sees the case, they would in the end have more to regret if they should win than they now have in losing. There is no real meat for litigants on this bone, and there is bone enough to go round.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, in Montgomery County, Indiana, the home of General Lew Wallace, and the seat of the Sunday-school which ruled one of Kipling's stories out of its library, is the centre of an interesting experiment in free rural mail delivery. According to the Chicago *Record*, a number of thirty-mile mail-routes, running twelve miles out of Crawfordsville, have been served daily for a year. During the first month of the service each carrier delivered about 1000 pieces, and collected about 300 letters. In the course of the year the number of pieces delivered increased to 5000 a month, and the letters collected to 1800, besides papers and other matter. It has been found that the service has increased the value of land along its routes, tends to improvement of roads, and causes a prodigious increase in the consumption of daily newspapers and other periodicals. It is stated that when the service began no daily paper was taken on any route, and that now each carrier delivers from 70 to 100 dailies, while subscriptions to magazines and weekly papers have increased heavily.

The carriers have been allowed to eke out their pay by doing a small errand and express business, with the result that the service has been profitable to every one concerned, including the government. No doubt Montgomery County is an exceptional locality, peopled with Hoosiers of more than average intelligence and opulence. But there must be thousands of counties that are as well suited to rural delivery. Crawfordsville is a city of about 7000 population; there are at least 600 bigger cities in the country, and most of them could probably be centres of a similar rural delivery conducted at a profit. Rural free delivery is a very good idea, and the times seem to be ripe for pushing it along.

ACCORDING to the postal laws now in force, newspapers, magazines, and serial books may be sent through the mails by their publishers at one cent a pound, or by other persons at four cents a pound, while the rate on bound books, or books not issued as serials, is four cents a pound.

The librarians of public libraries in all parts of the country are now trying to have this publishers' privilege of sending literature at low cost extended to them. A great many libraries lend books to persons living at a distance from them. The present cost of sending by mail the books so loaned is eight cents a pound. The librarians think that if Uncle Sam would carry books for them for distances of not more than 200 miles at one cent a pound, the circulation of their books would be greatly increased, to the considerable profit of the people. Their contention is well founded. The low publishers' rate was invented not for the profit of publishers, but of readers. A low rate to librarians on books would materially aid in the circulation of substantial books and the diffusion of knowledge. There is no one that the government should carry for any cheaper than for the public libraries.

A POSTAL innovation of importance which is on the point of getting to work was arranged for late in August and becomes operative on October 1. It provides for the transmission of parcels not exceeding eleven pounds in weight between the United States and Germany at the rate of twelve cents a pound. We have made a similar arrangement already with Mexico, Hawaii, Newfoundland, and divers other near-by places, but Germany is the first European country to join us in such an agreement. Arrangements of the same sort with France and Great Britain are likely to follow promptly.

THE great public has an incurable interest in the house of Vanderbilt, and some millions of readers have given attention to the recent newspaper paragraphs which told about an improvement in the construction of locomotive engines designed and carried out by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. This improvement promises to be a good thing, though its practicability has not yet been fully tested. It has to do with the fire-box, and it is claimed for it that a fire-box built on Mr. Vanderbilt's plan will make steam better than the kind in use, save fuel, and when worn out can be detached from the engine with very little trouble. At present when a fire-box that is burnt out is removed a preposterous number of bolts have to be cut, but Mr. Vanderbilt's box comes away without much work. Maybe he attaches it by safety-pins; but, however he does it, it is a better way than the one in use, provided it proves thoroughly practicable.

One of the bits of information we get about this invention is that the idea has often been tried before, but never successfully, whereas Mr. Vanderbilt seems to have made it go.

Newspaper writers of large experience have already warned the young mechanic not to make a mistake, too often made by inventors, by selling his patent undeveloped to some rich man for a pittance of ready money.

If the fire-box finally succeed, it will change in that particular the construction of locomotives; but, whether it succeed or not, it argues well for the young man's usefulness and happiness that he takes so serious an interest in anything that is worth while as he seems to take in mechanics. To try to do something that is worth doing is one great secret of having fun in this world. It doesn't greatly matter what the thing is that you try to do, so long as you try hard. But the natural tendency of us humans is not to try hard unless we have to. Money in hand and to spare, which makes effort unnecessary, spoils the fun and saps the energy of many a man with good stuff in him. We all must work at something, if we are to get satisfaction out of life.

THE report that Mark Twain is to spend next winter at Princeton will give general satisfaction, except perhaps to the people of Hartford. We shall feel somewhat safer with Mr. Clemens in the country ready to talk to us about ourselves if our indiscretions become more clamorous than usual. His immediate purpose, however, as the newspapers discern it, is not to comment upon us and our behaviors, but to construct a new book out of the observations that accumulated in him during his recent stay abroad. How much to the point his observations usually are appears in the article about Jews which he contributed to the September number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. He discusses why Jews are not better liked by their Gentile neighbors, and finds that the reason for it lies neither in prejudice nor in religious bigotry, but has a more or less reasonable basis in the fact that they are so much abler than most of the other peoples of the earth that there is no such thing as successful competition with them on anything like fair terms. They are best treated by the peoples best able to hold their own with them in trade, the English and the Americans, while in Scotland they cannot do business because of the superior gumption and thrift of the Scots. The article is amusing, chiefly because it seems so sane and true. His advice to the Jews in America is to organize, take part in politics and government, and, when occasion offers, in war. A Jewish regiment, he thinks, would help to allay the impression that Jews don't care enough for any country to help do its fighting.

THE efficiency of the Americans and their government has been tested in various novel ways during the last eighteen months, and is about to be subjected to another severe trial. Can we keep the excursion-boats out of the way when *Shamrock* races with *Columbia?* What we want of those races is that they shall be absolutely clean, fair, and sportsmanlike. If they are that, they will

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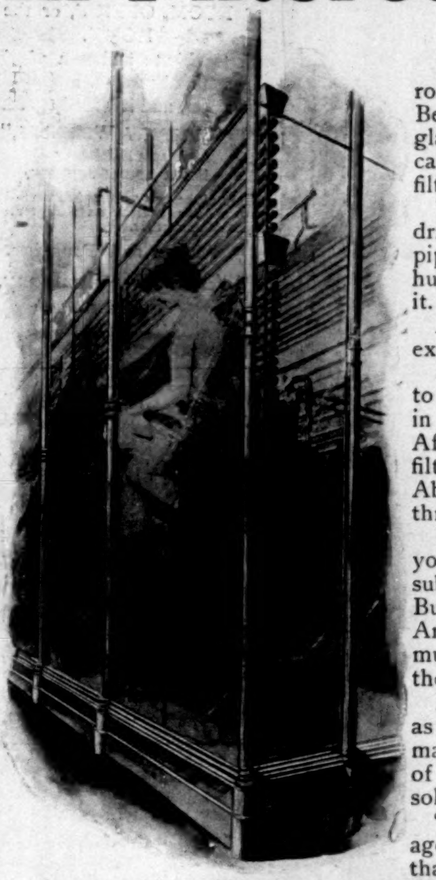
THE trustees of the Cuban Orphan Fund, of which Robert Bacon, Esq., of J. P. Morgan & Co. (New York), is treasurer, are sending out a series of reports which tell of the progress of their work in Cuba. These reports are letters to Mr. C. W. Gould (2 Wall Street), the secretary of the fund, from Miss Laura D. Gill, Miss A. M. Reed, and other American women who are organizing the work. They are written from Remedios, where large asylums are being started in buildings furnished by the local authorities, and from Havana, near which, at Santa Maria del Rosario, the fund has a headquarters and has started a school. They are very interesting in the accounts they give of the progress of the work and in its immediate results, of the children and their characteristics and needs, and of the hearty co-operation of both the military authorities and the Cubans in the efforts of the agents of the fund. Miss Gill writes of the kindness and helpfulness of General Brooke, General Wilson, and General Ludlow, and of the eager interest taken by the alcalde and other influential men of Remedios in the orphanages. Of course the work done as yet seems a drop in a bucket when one thinks of what there is to do, but it is a beginning. The reports, which are well worth reading, will doubtless be furnished by the secretary or the treasurer of the fund to any one writing for them. Three special needs at Remedios that Miss Gill sets forth in the report dated July 22 are a piano for kindergartening, two windmills, and $600 for a big rain-water tank.

A VERY active, successful, and in many respects remarkable life ended on August 26 in the sudden death of Robert Clarke, the founder of the great printing and publishing concern of Robert Clarke & Co., more recently the Robert Clarke Company, of Cincinnati. Mr. Clarke was a native of Scotland, born in Dumfriesshire in 1829, but came with his parents to Cincinnati in 1840. He went to school there, went into the bookselling business, and started the bookselling firm of Robert Clarke & Co. in 1858. From bookselling he branched out naturally into publishing, and, with his partners, established a business which is now one of the most important in its line in the country. He was himself a student and writer, and especially interested in the local history of Cincinnati and the Middle West. He edited several important works of pioneer biography, and had just returned from a tour of the Ohio cities in search of historical data when he died. He got together a library of great value and completeness, which was presented last year to the University of Cincinnati.

IT was remarked the other day in the WEEKLY that some of Mr. Bonner's famous horses might with propriety have followed him to his grave. It is interesting to note that on August 28, at the funeral of Marshall K. Abbott, of the Myopia Hunt Club, at Hamilton, Massachusetts, the hearse was drawn, in accordance with Mr. Abbott's request, by two of his oldest hunters, both over twenty years old, and doubtless long retired from active duty.

IN view of opinions lately attributed to the President of Yale College adverse to a policy of conquest in the Philippines, it is worth noting that the original Eli, the honored founder of Yale, was tried and heavily mulcted in England because while Governor of Madras he had hanged a groom who rode one of his horses without leave. Yale's association with colonial government being thus painfully intimate, her representatives may perhaps be pardoned for a certain reluctance to see American white men exposed to the temptations which may be incident to the control of distant Orientals.

THE paper on negro education read by William H. Baldwin, Jr., at the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association on September 5, at Saratoga, seems better worth attention than any other recent discourse about the problems of the South. Mr. Baldwin is the president of the Long Island Railroad. He grew up and was educated in New England, and what he knows about negroes and their needs is the result of three years of active work in the South, and of six years of service as a trustee of the Tuskegee Institute. The gist of what he says is that industrial education, such as is given at Hampton and Tuskegee, is the solution of the negro problem. The army of white traders that went to the South after the war with spelling-books and Bibles to educate the negro began at the wrong end, for though Bible and spelling are necessary, the negro must first be taught to use his hands. Incidentally he will learn to use his head, but to teach him to hope that through books he may learn to live from the fruits of a literary education was a mistake. It is a crime, says Mr. Baldwin, for any teacher, white or black, to educate the negro for positions which are not open to him. His opportunity is in the South, where his labor is needed, and where he can get not only into agriculture, but into the principal trades, which are not open to him in the North. Mr. Baldwin tells him to hurry and learn to work hard and skilfully before the foreigner crowds in and drives him out of the trades. He tells him to buy land, keep out of politics, live a moral life, and learn to work. Mr. Baldwin is not at all concerned about social equality for the negroes. It does not trouble him that in many Southern States the negro is practically disfranchised. He should be disfranchised if he is not qualified to vote, but his qualifications should be determined by the same tests as a white man's are.



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With the idea of deporting the Southern negroes Mr. Baldwin has no sympathy. The South needs them, he says, and they are better off there than they would be elsewhere. He abhors lynchings and Whitecap outrages, and discusses measures for abatement of them, but he says that thirty years is a short time to work out such a problem as the war left, and that the last two years have done more to bring out the truth of the situation than all the years previous since the war.

Mr. Baldwin wants better organization of industrial education in the South. The North, he says, is tired of giving indiscriminately to a multitude of colored schools in the South. He wants more concentration of money and effort, and suggests a system of secondary schools modelled after Hampton and Tuskegee, and in charge of a properly organized educational board.

The need of education for Southern whites was not Mr. Baldwin's theme, but he said the South could not rise unless the negro was educated, and that the negro could not rise unless the whites rose too.

THE death of John Y. McKane, which occurred on September 5, was doubtless very much hastened by the four years he spent in Sing Sing Prison. Some men's health improves in State prison, but McKane's didn't. He lived a comparatively healthy and temperate life at Gravesend in the days of his power, and had things his way, and the change to Sing Sing was in all material and physical respects disastrous to him.

McKane was born a North of Ireland Protestant Irishman at Antrim in 1841, and was brought by his parents to this country. He grew up at Sheepshead Bay, went to school, and learned the carpenters' trade. He was sober, industrious, and thrifty. People liked him and he got on. He became a builder and contractor, and from bossing men at work came to boss them in their politics. He was very kind to his friends and subjects, very solicitous for the welfare of the poor, and very active in punishing his opponents. He married and raised a devoted family. He superintended a Methodist Sunday-school, and was on intimate terms with his pastor. A man of undoubted force, he came in time to carry the vote of Gravesend—a town of 8000 inhabitants—in his pocket, and he cast it for the Democrats or the Republicans just as the fluctuations of circumstances demanded. Being supreme in Gravesend, he finally lost his belief in a higher power than his own, and in 1893 defied the Supreme Court of the State of New York to enforce the election laws. The result was that of a sudden the despised law fell upon the astounded autocrat like a Kansas cyclone, crushed through all his defences, and hurled him into Sing Sing, to quiver in striped clothes under a six-years' sentence. It was hard on McKane, hard on his family who loved him, hard on Gravesend, his pastor, and his Sunday-school; nevertheless, no Governor would pardon him, and he served his term, which his good behavior reduced to four years and two months.

Hard as it was on McKane, that conviction was of very great didactic value. Just as no great boss can forget Tweed, no lesser boss forgets McKane. Still it was a pity that such a man should have had to learn by such an experience that American politics, after all, is a serious matter.

THE last week in August was Old Home Week in New Hampshire. The idea, which seems to have originated with Governor Rollins, was taken up with enthusiasm in the rural communities throughout the State; old residents by the thousand were invited to revisit their old homes, and very many came. There were picnics and celebrations of all sorts, meetings, speeches, and a vast deal of visiting and hobnobbing. In the cities not much was done, except in Concord, but the villages improved the occasion and had fun. New Hampshire likes the idea, and Old Home Week promises to become an institution.

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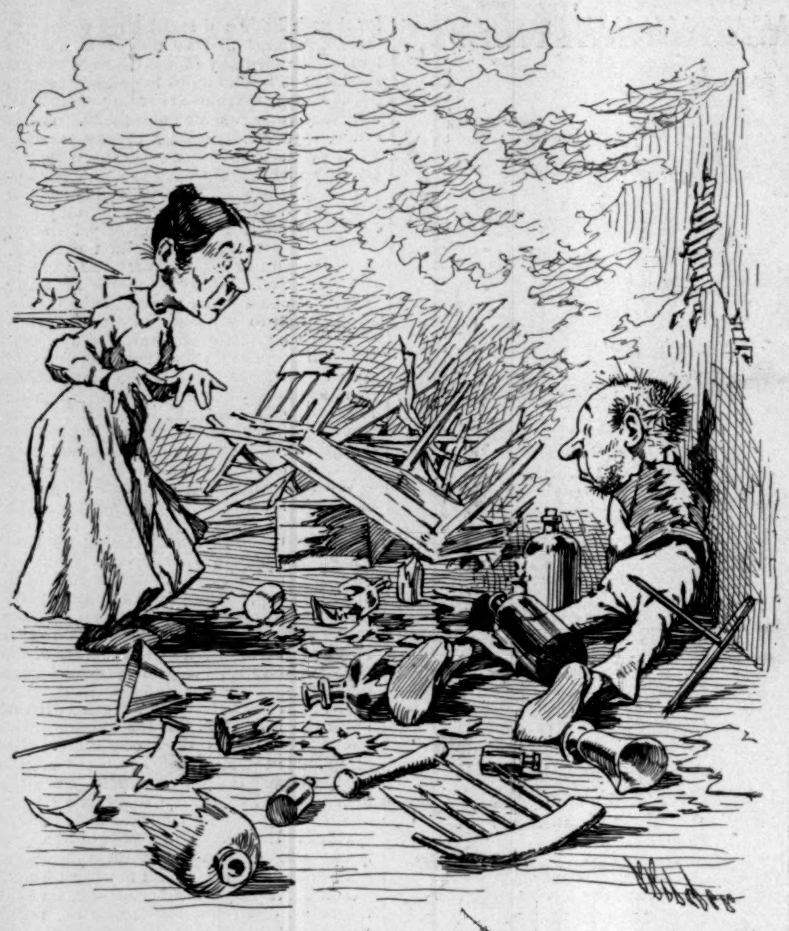

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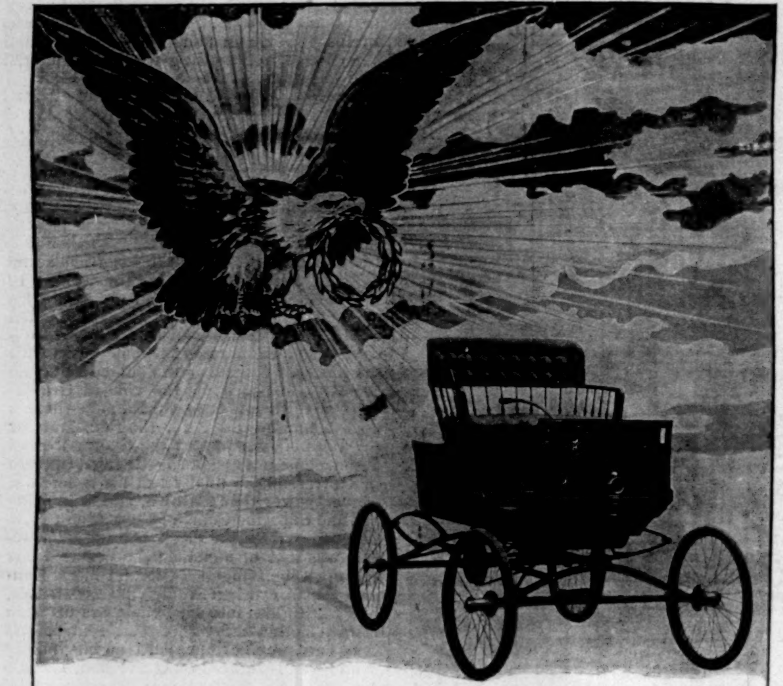

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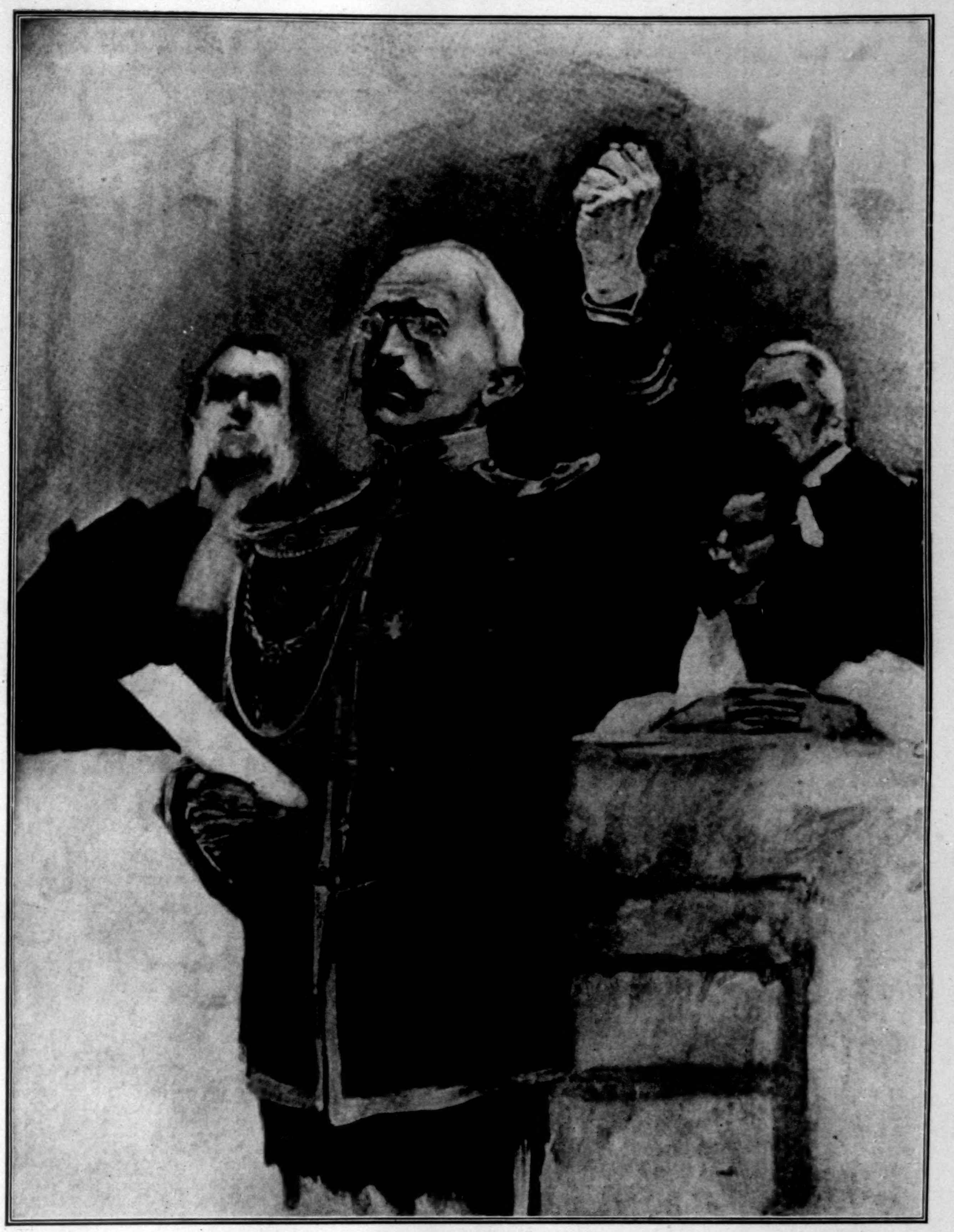

"I AM INNOCENT!"

The Dreyfus Verdict

THE decision of the court martial in the case of Captain Alfred Dreyfus reaches us as the WEEKLY goes to press. Five of the judges have voted for conviction, two for acquittal; the sentence being imprisonment for ten years.

Probably no event in recent history has attracted a wider attention or evoked a more general condemnation than this verdict. It was not unanticipated, and yet it was incredible to the Anglo-Saxon mind that the judges should find for guilt when there was not the slightest proof of guilt, and, moreover, deny to the prisoner the right to present the only direct proof of innocence possible, beyond his own word.

And yet it is not difficult to appreciate the point of view of these judges. An acquittal would have been a conviction of the General Staff, would have endangered the peace of the Republic, and have cost these judges their promotions perhaps. This was their attitude. Was it not better to sacrifice this poor captain, who was only a Jew?

The world has its answer ready, and doubtless France will herself wake to a realization of the enormity of this crime not against Dreyfus alone, but against humanity, and make worthy response.

There are no national boundaries in such matters. The sympathy of the world was given not to a French captain of artillery; it was invited not by the personality of Dreyfus; it was compelled by the unjust punishment of a man.

It is immensely to the credit of our present civilization that such an atrocity cannot be committed by any people with impunity. The world did not care, a few centuries ago, what any particular country did with its Jews. Now no nation can deny to one Jew even, the means of justice, and escape the condemnation of her sisters, so sensitive is the world-mind, and so closely knit have humankind become.

From all the nations of Europe there has come a cry of indignation and shame, with predictions of civil strife and the overthrow of the Republic.

In America there has been, in spite of our love for France and our sympathy, the most intense feeling—not of hate toward France, for our thought of her is one of pity, "poor France!" but toward her generals who have put her to shame by their cowardice and brutality.

We should make common cause with those in France who lament this despicable act of the court martial, and with the lovers of justice throughout the world, in crying out against this outrage, in seeking to repair the injustice by driving these infamous judges and generals out of association with men, and restoring to his home and to his country, free from the stain of dishonor, this man whom the world holds innocent.

What the Verdict Means

FRANCE has been on trial, not Dreyfus. It is France that the court martial has found guilty, and it is for the civilized nations to draw their skirts aside as she passes. Although the presumption of a just verdict is in favor of the judges, as they are nearer the thing than we can be, yet the manifest unfairness of the president in conducting the trial destroys this presumption.

As for the actual verdict, it is an Irish bull. A man is either a traitor or he is not. It is the one crime in which there cannot be "extenuating circumstances." Probably these "extenuating circumstances" represent the guilty consciences of the judges, and thus this compromise compromises only them. But let the words stand, for since the verdict of "Guilty" is against France, the "extenuating circumstances" are true as regards her.

The great country which has done so much for human light is not wholly represented by a perverse military clique. Let us hope France will yet rise superior to this welter of anarchy. I have said nothing of the injustice to the Jew, of the crowning example of Christendom's persecution, because it is nobly wiped out by the truly Christian attitude of the whole of the rest of the world. Since Jesus, no Jew has so drawn the world's sympathy as Alfred Dreyfus.

I. ZANGWILL.

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